THE

THEATRICAL RECORDER:

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

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FORTUNE MENDS:

A COMEDY,

IN THREE ACTS,

TRANSLATED FROM

THE SPANISH OF CALDERON DE LA BARCA,

By FANNY HOLCROFT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CARLOS COLONA, the Lover of FLORA.

ARNALDO, in love with LAURA.

DON CESAR, Governor and Lord Chief Justice, the Father of FLORA.

FABIO, Brother to LAURA.

CELIO, an Alcaide.

JULIO, a Servant.

DINERO, Servant to CARLOS.

FLORA, the Daughter of DON CESAR.

LAURA, Sister to FABIO.

SILVIA, NISA, } the Attendants of FLORA and LAURA.

The SCENE lies in VIENNA.

FORTUNE MENDS:

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in DON CESAR'S *House:* FLORA *taking off her Mantle.* SILVIA.

Flora.

QUICK, take this mantle! My pelisse!

Silv. What masquerade is this, Signora? Whence this terror? What has happened?

Flora. I am distracted! Bewildered!

Silv. Here is your pelisse, Madam.

Flora. Am I in safety?

Silv. You are in your own house, Signora.

Flora. Now listen. You know the magnificent rejoicings, making throughout Germany, in honor of Donna Maria, our gracious queen. But more than all, the voice of Fame proclaims our rich province * her most brilliant theatre. This afternoon, as you know, a festival was given on the Danube; and my friend, the Lady Laura, whose gardens touch ours, invited me to attend her to the river's side. She proposed to wear the Spanish mantle, that we might enjoy our freedom. Too easily persuaded, I forgot the possibility of our being discovered. We accordingly repaired to the banks of the river, which offered the lovely, though fictitious, spectacle of Spring in all her beauty. Boughs and flowers adorned the covered barges, and a portable mount of roses formed a lovely isle. The queen sailed in a magnificent galley, to the gilded splendors of which the crystalline waves added new lustre. A melodious concert of flutes, hautboys, and clarinets, accompanied by the cheerful horn, announced her approach. But the unfortunate ought not to expatiate on scenes of festivity: ask the happy, then, to relate the glories of the day, and listen to my

* It is Bohemia in the Spanish; but that must either be a mistake of the printer, or an oversight of the author. *Vienna* is the scene of action.

misfortune. We kept aloof from the crowd, but our disguise excited observation. We were followed, and among the rest by Signor Arnaldo; and Licio, my cousin and destined husband. As Licio is far from agreeable to me, this intrusion was displeasing; but Laura gave me to understand that she had no objection that Arnaldo should follow her. My cousin, oh perverse Fortune! seeing his friend agreeably entertained, accosted me: he wished to enter into conversation; but, fearing lest my voice should betray me, I turned my head another way. Finding, however, that he still persisted, my fears overcame my prudence; and, as a handsome stranger passed with his servant——

Arn. } (*without*) Kill him! Kill him!
Cel. }

Flora. Heavens! What is that?

SCENE II.—*Enter* CARLOS, *with his Sword drawn.*

Carl. If you are compassionate as you are fair, save my life, gentle lady *.

Arn. (*within*) No matter for the house; let us follow him.

Flora. Enough! Conceal yourself behind that screen.

Carl. Oh, Fortune, if thy arm strikest, thy hand can no less heal! (*he retires.*)

SCENE III.—*Enter* ARNALDO, CELIO, DINERO, *and* Alguazils.

Flora. What means this intrusion, Signor Arnaldo?

Arn. Pardon me, beauteous Flora, for thus violating the laws of courtesy. The offence touches you even more nearly than it does myself; and it no less behoves you, lady, to wreak vengeance on the offender. I am in pursuit of a traitor, oh cruel Fortune, who has slain your cousin.

Flora. Merciful Heaven!

Arn To avoid pursuit, this instant he took refuge in your house. You were betrothed to the deceased: your father was his uncle, and holds the sword of justice. Tell me then where to find the traitor, that I may avenge our common injuries.

Carl. (*aside*) My situation is enviable!

Flora. The man was this moment here.

Carl. (*aside*) Oh, treacherous Fortune!

Flora. He implored protection.

Carl. (*aside*) Fools are those who trust to woman.

Flora. But, hearing your voices, he jumped through yon window into the garden. Follow him, and inflict the death he merits.

Arn. He shall die by this hand! [*Exit* Arnaldo.

---

* This incident, but altered, was adopted by Cibber, in the Fop's Fortune.

SCENE IV.

Din. Clubs lead.

Cel. Who are you?

Din. Why, as the game stands, I am the knave, and he is king of clubs: the poor gentleman he is going to kill has lost deal. Now, as the knave follows the king, I must go and see that honors are divided fairly; for there seems, on all sides, to be more tricks than honors, and clubs are the leading suit.

Cel. Insufferable nonsense!

Din. It is original.

Cel. (*to himself*) Arnaldo is my friend; and not only friendship, but the duties of my office, call upon me to follow him. [*Exit* Celio *with Servants.*

Din. Like a faithful servant, I must go and seek my master, in case he should be killed. [*Exit* Dinero.

SCENE V.

Flora. Are they gone?

Silv. Yes, Signora.

Flora. Lock the door, Silvia.

Carl. (*coming from behind the curtain*) Generous pity! Happy are those who trust to woman!

Flora. You see, young gentleman, how dear my compassion has cost me! The man you killed was not only my cousin but my betrothed husband; and the malice of Fate led you to seek refuge under the roof of justice: yet I saved your life. Though circumstances condemn you, I am willing to hear what you can urge in your defence: for my conscience tells me that in protecting I share your guilt.

Carl. I am a stranger to the language of gallantry, for I never till now was favored by the fair: from my soul I grieve to have given you offence, yet for kingdoms I would not relinquish the honor of knowing you: I lament the trouble I occasion, yet it is my pride; and to see you no longer offended will make me the happiest of men.

I went this afternoon to the river's side, to view the festival: there I beheld a lady in a Spanish hood and mantle, who might be compared to Aurora enveloped in azure clouds. Uncovering a hand of dazzling whiteness, she beckoned me to her. I could not persuade myself that her signs were addressed to me, yet I ventured to approach the angel, who entreated me to join her, that she might be freed from the importunities of a Cavalier who followed her. She had scarcely spoken, when a man joined us, intending to balk my good fortune. "Signor," said he, "you occupy the place which *I* was refused: as I cannot revenge myself on a woman, you, Signor, her gallant champion, must give me satisfaction for the insult." Too angry to

reason with him, I answered with my sword: we fought, and he fell. The officers of justice arrived; and, as it is neither prudent nor becoming a gentleman to throw himself in prison, I fled for refuge to the first house, which happened to be yours. Here I have learned the greatness of my danger, if you, bright angel of humanity, do not protect me. Reflect that it was chance, not premeditated malice, which robbed your lover of existence. A lady, whom it was my duty to oblige, has thus endangered my life. You generously defend it. On the one side, the death of your lover and relation is an injury which cries for vengeance: on the other, reflect a moment, and you will own he merited his fate; since, being *your* lover, he insolently importuned and fought for another lady. Thus you are both injured and righted; and, if in one instance the ties of consanguinity are offended, in the other the wrongs of love are avenged.

Flora. I am so much interested in your recital that I could imagine myself a party concerned. Since a woman, unfortunate Cavalier, has brought you into danger, a woman shall extricate you. I will atone for the imprudence of the stranger henceforth; complain of her who involved, but not of her who saved you. Remain in that chamber till night, you then may unmolested escape.

Carl. Suffer me to——

Flora. Make no acknowledgments: the benefit repays itself.

Silv. I hear footsteps.

Flora. Quick to the chamber, or you will be discovered!

Carl. It will be my sanctuary!

[*Exit* Carlos *into the chamber, which* Silvia *locks.*

Cesar. (*within*) Let every thing remain as it is.

Silv. A hundred keys seem to turn in the lock.

SCENE VI.—*Enter* Don Cesar.

Cesar. Flora?

Flora. My Lord!

Cesar. Your melancholy countenance informs me that you are acquainted with our misfortune.

Flora. Yes, my Lord; I know that a traitor, to gratify a weak woman, killed my cousin, Licio, and came to this house, from which he has escaped.

Cesar. Quiet your fears, my child: he cannot escape my vigilance; for not a corner of this city shall remain unsearched. Licio's death shall be revenged. Retire; I hear voices.

Flora. My Lord, I leave you. (*aside*) I shall expire with apprehension! Heaven protect us! [*Exeunt* Flora *and* Silvia.

SCENE VII.

Enter CELIO, JULIO, *and* Servants, *dragging in* DINERO.

Cel. Here, my Lord, is the servant of the Cavalier who killed Signor Licio: we know him again, and he has confessed it.

Din. True to a tittle: but surely it is no crime to be his servant? I am as innocent of the gentleman's death as your lordship, for the moment I saw drawn swords I ran away.

Cesar. Why?

Din. Because, my Lord, I—I have a natural antipathy to steel.

Jul. Mind what you say: you are before the lord governor.

Din. Nay, with due respect to his lordship, if I were before the emperor's majesty I should not be ashamed of speaking the truth.

Cesar. What is your name?

Din. Dinero*: but my name is better than my estate.

Cesar. Who is your master?

Din. A very agreeable handsome young gentleman: like master, like man.

Cesar. His name?

Din. Carlos Colona; son to the governor of Brandenburg.

Cesar. (*aside*) How unfortunate! I find my greatest enemy in the son of my best friend. (*aloud*) What was his business here?

Din. To kill the governor's nephew.

Cesar. This is no time for jesting.

Din. I am planet-struck, lost, and bewildered! He came, my Lord, to assist at the festival given in honor of her most magnanimous majesty, the Infanta Donna Maria.

Cesar. Conduct the prisoner——

Din. Whither, my Lord?

Cesar. To the fort, where you must remain till your evidence is wanted.

Din. Have not I given a clear account of myself? (*to the officers*) I hope you will not, in pure affection to my name, gentlemen, keep me in prison till I shall have nothing but that to subsist on. [*Exit* Dinero, *with* Celio *and Servants.*

SCENE VIII.

Cesar. Oh, Heavens! Was ever situation more perplexing? Well might the poet say that misfortunes are hydras, which multiply as soon as destroyed. Though the duties of consanguinity and of my office force me to seek the cruel homicide of my nephew, my heart, alas, trembles lest the culprit should be taken. To his father I owe the most signal obligations, which it behoves me never to forget. On the other hand, the blood of a

* *Dinero*, in Spanish, signifies money.

dear kinsman, shed by his son, calls for vengeance! My heart is torn by pity and revenge, hatred and friendship. I must pursue the offender, whom, if taken, I am bound to save. I am distracted with contrary emotions; and he whom I so diligently seek is the person I least wish to find.

[*Exit* Don Cesar.

SCENE IX.

Scene changes to FABIO's *House.* LAURA, NISA, *and* ARNALDO.

Laura. I am anxious to hear the issue of this adventure.

Arn. I rushed after him through the window, but the noise brought several persons, and among the rest Don Cesar, who, like myself, was in warm pursuit of the traitor. Seeing that it was impossible for me to accomplish my revenge, however eager my wishes, and that my interference with justice would be deemed intrusive, I conquered my impatience, and retired praying that Don Cesar might not find him. Nothing less than his life will satisfy my just vengeance!

Laura. Oh, that I had never appointed to meet you at this festival! But who can penetrate the impervious designs of Fate?

Arn. Rather accuse the imprudence and levity of your friend.

Laura. Nay, do not blame her; it was the perverseness of destiny: for who has more cause of affliction?

Arn. What could induce her, imprudent as she was, to accost a stranger?

Laura. That she might not be discovered by her cousin.

Arn. And so Flora actually beckoned to the stranger?

Laura. It was a pardonable imprudence.

Arn. Humph! Another doubt torments me: if she left them quarrelling, she had every reason to expect what followed. Why did she not call for assistance?

Laura. It is folly to expect that presence of mind should accompany terror.

Arn It was the resentment of a haughty spirit. By Heaven, I know not what to suspect.

Nisa. Your brother is coming, Madam.

Laura. (*alarmed*) He must not find us together, Arnaldo, for he is very rigid. Excuse yourself as you can. Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Laura *and* Nisa.

SCENE X.—*Enter* FABIO.

Fab. Signor Arnaldo! (*aside*) Ha! In my sister's apartment?

Arn. Signor Fabio!

Fab. What is your pleasure?

Arn. I have a particular favor to request.

Fab. You do me honor.

Arn. You know the affliction which has befallen me?

Fab. It is written on your face.

Arn. I want a horse——

Fab. (*aside*) Heaven grant me patience!

Arn. To expedite an affair of importance.

Fab. You may command my services. (*aside*) I must endure the affront patiently till I can be revenged. (*aloud*) I have just dismounted a horse swift as the wind: you will find him in the court. If my presence be necessary, I will accompany you.

Arn. You are very obliging, but I must go alone.

Fab. Use your pleasure.

Arn. I hope to return your courtesy. Adieu, Signor.

Fab. You are in great haste, Signor Arnaldo: a moment longer.

Arn. Speak.

Fab. *This* is my sister's apartment, *that* is mine: if you renew your visit, seek me *there*, not here. It is a pleasant joke to apply to a lady for a horse.

Arn. I inquired for you here, because I heard persons conversing.

Fab. Humph! I am satisfied. Good morning, Signor.

Arn. Adieu. [*Exit* Arnaldo.

Fab. How awkwardly dissimulation sat on us! It was ill-judged in me to give him the least intimation of my suspicions, for honor ought to be impenetrable in its doubts as it is inflexible in its just revenge: but who can maintain a perfect self-command? When the heart is corroded by jealousy, and imbittered by repeated injuries, how can we entirely suppress its indignant emotions?

SCENE XI.—*Enter* Laura.

Laura. With whom are you speaking?

Fab. Nobody. (*aside*) Oh honor, what are thy forebodings!

Laura. Is it thus you answer me? What is the matter?

Fab. I am uneasy——

Laura. (*aside*) Ah me!

Fab. At what happened to-day: yet no, it is not *that* which disturbs me.

Laura. What has happened?

Fab. Don't you know?

Laura. How should I? Do I ever see a creature but yourself? I am totally ignorant of what passes at court, for you will never suffer me to cross the threshold; nay, you would forbid the sun to shine upon me.

Fab. (*aside*) How shall I tell her? (*aloud*) Well, sister, a strange Cavalier has killed Signor Licio, the betrothed husband

of your bosom friend, the Lady Flora. A lady in disguise, whom he persisted to follow, was the occasion of his death.

Laura. If I were malicious, I should tell you that I rejoiced. He was the lover and intended husband of Flora: what business had he to follow another woman? Such is the treatment we experience! While she perhaps was sighing and moping at home, he must be running after women in masquerade, and exposing his life! Oh men, men! Who can trust you?

Fab. If he gave Flora cause of jealousy, he has dearly atoned for the offence. If you are not grieved at this accident, I have still less reason to be sorry: for misfortune is sometimes the mother of good luck. I once thought of Flora myself; Love will now perhaps smile propitious on my vows. Wisely was it said by a Sage: "Why should we invoke happiness, since it rises out of misery?" Listen now to——

Laura. Enough. Your hopes, I perceive, are revived.

Fab. They are. While Don Cesar was bound by his promise to his nephew, it would have been useless to have declared my sentiments: now I may speak with propriety.

Laura. Your love, brother, is commendable; for he who is attached to a virtuous female insures the happiness of his life: but, I assure you, if this unfortunate accident had not happened, Flora would never have been the wife of Licio.

Fab. I believe you. Assist me, then, dear sister, and let me deliver a message on your part to the charming Flora.

Laura. Ha! You would present *my* compliments of condolence: *you* cannot with sincerity offer yours.

Fab. Excellent. Adieu!

Laura. Oh, how I should like to see you deeply enamoured!

Fab. Do you wish me so much ill?

Laura. Nay, it is not wishing you ill! I only wish your happiness and my own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—*Changes, as before, to the House of* Don Cesar.

Flora, Silvia.

Silv. It is dusk, Signora; this is a good opportunity to dismiss your guest.

Flora. True. Open the chamber door.

SCENE XIII.—*Enter* Carlos.

Carl. Say the temporary grave of a living corpse: for I die recollecting that I live, and live expecting to die.

Flora. Propitious night has now half spread her sable wings; the moon is veiled in black clouds, and stillness reigns throughout the house. Accept my good wishes, young gentleman, and depart.

Carl. Heaven guard you, fair angel! You have saved my life, and, were I not unfortunate, that life should be consecrated to your service; but, alas, under these circumstances the gift might be fatal. Adieu.

Silv. Follow me, Signor.

Carl. Blindly. (*as they are going,* Don Cesar *speaks without, and they return in alarm.*)

Cesar. (*without*) No light in the house, at this hour?

Flora. Alas, it is my father!

Silv. My lord is returned, Signora.

Carl. What can be done?

Flora. Quick into the chamber. Lock the door, Silvia, and take the key.

Carl. Oh, unfortunate pity!

[*Exit into the chamber, which* Silvia *locks.*

SCENE XIV.—*Enter* Don Cesar, *and* Julio *with Lights.*

Flora. Bring the lights here.

Cesar. So, Flora: in the dark?

Flora. Hearing your voice, I came to meet you: it grieves me to see you thus disturbed.

Cesar. (*to himself*) The duties of my office are every way painful, and it is doubly important I should discover Carlos, that I may at once discharge the obligation of consanguinity and of friendship. I hope and think he cannot escape, for the streets are lined with soldiers: however, to make all secure, I will write an order to let no one pass till he is brought before me.—Silvia?

Silv. My Lord!

Cesar. Carry a light, with pen ink and paper, into that room.

Flora. (*aside*) What do I hear?

Cesar. I want to write.

Flora. Why in that room, my Lord?

Cesar. Because, if any person call while I am occupied, they may wait here. Give me the key?

Flora. Silvia has it. (*makes her a sign.*)

Silv. No, indeed, Signora.

Cesar. Where is it then?

Silv. I laid it on the buffet.

Cesar. It is not there.

Flora. (*making signs to* Silvia *not to give the key*) How provoking! It is no where to be found. This girl loses every thing she takes in her hand. (*aside to* Silvia) My good Silvia, do not be vexed.

Cesar. Cannot you find it?

Silv. No, my Lord.

Cesar. I have fortunately a master-key in my writing desk.

[*Exit* Don Cesar *with a light.*

SCENE XV.

Flora. Heavens! How will this end?

Silv. What is to be done?

Flora. He will certainly be discovered when my father returns. We must act promptly, and with decision. It is yet possible that he may escape.

Silv. You are right, Signora. Let us trust to fortune.

Flor. (*unlocking the door*) Signor, you may come out, for I am watching that my father may not— (*alarmed*) Retire, Signor: somebody is coming. (*she locks the door again*) The storm thickens!

SCENE XVI.—*Enter* Fabio.

Fab. Suffer me, honored lady, to be the first to condole with you on your cruel loss. My sister, Laura, sends her best wishes and sincerest concern.

Flora. (*aside*) Merciful Powers! How shall I act? If I dismiss the stranger, my reputation is lost; and if he remain there he will be discovered by my father. But, if ingenuity can vanquish the perverseness of Fate, I will yet save him and extricate myself.——Signor Fabio. (*aside*) How I tremble. (*aloud*) You are a man of sense, and know that misfortunes never come singly, but, like the phœnix, die only to regenerate. A person has just been with letters for my father, who fortunately was out, informing him, as he says, of the death of one of his brothers abroad. I sent the man away, but expect him to return every instant. If you, Signor, can take my father out of the house, and detain him till I shall have received the letters, you will greatly oblige me, and truly fulfil the kind object of your visit.

SCENE XVII.—*Enter* Don Cesar.

Cesar. Who would have thought this cursed key was hid under all my papers?

Fab. (*to* Flora) Trust to me, Signora! (*aside*) Now, love, give me ingenuity! (*aloud*) Though my regard for you, my Lord, was the principal cause which brought me hither, there is another reason equally urgent. I know where your enemy is concealed.

Flora. (*aside*) What is it I hear?

Cesar. Where, Signor?

Fab. Not far off.

Flora. (*aside*) I shall sink!

Silv. (*to* Flora) He saw him!

Flora. (*aside*) Cruel fortune!

Cesar. What say you, Signor Fabio?

Fab. That, though it is ungenerous to betray a gentleman in distress, my friendship conquers my scruples. Come with me.

Silv. (*aside*) Indeed! So, so!

Flora. (*aside*) I am on the rack!

Cesar. I wonder he could so long have escaped our vigilance. We must be gone: that he may not be apprized of his danger, we'll only take a few of my people; the remainder may guard the door. [*Exit* Don Cesar.

Fab. (*aside*) I will lead him to a little distance; when he finds nobody, he will naturally conclude the Cavalier must have escaped. [*Exit* Fabio.

Flora. Fortune mends. Go out and see if the passage be clear.

Silv. You, Madam, in the mean time, will release the prisoner. [*Exit* Silvia.

SCENE XVIII.—*Enter* CARLOS *from the Room.*

Flora. Oh, stranger, great are my claims on your gratitude: if I show you favor, when I ought to be mortally offended, how shall I treat you when I may have reason to be pleased? Go! Leave me, for Heaven's sake! I am tormented by a thousand fears: be satisfied with having created, do not increase them. While my father is seeking you elsewhere, you may escape.

Carl. How cruel is my destiny! If I go, I am in danger of being taken; and if I stay, my ruin is certain. Whichever way I turn, misfortune overtakes me.

Flora. Lose no time, but depart!

SCENE XIX.—*Enter* SILVIA, *stopping* CARLOS.

Silv. Stay; you cannot pass.

Flora. What is the matter?

Silv. There are persons in the hall, waiting for your father, Madam.

Flora. Cannot he pass unperceived?

Silv. No: neither can he remain here, for they may enter.

Flora. Perverse destiny! There is no way to escape!

Carl. Whether I go, stay here, or conceal myself, there are difficulties to surmount. Fortune often favors the bold. Let me venture. (*going.*)

Flora. Oh, no! It must not be known that you were concealed here.

Silv. I have found an expedient which will place you in safety. Follow me, Signor.

Flora. What do you mean?

Silv. The door to the left communicates with the tower, which serves as a prison for criminals of rank: it is now empty, and the gentleman can remain there in safety till to-morrow.

Flora. But you forget that there is another door on the garden side, to which the alcaide has a key?

Silv. What of that? Why should he visit the tower this evening?

Flora. Well, this expedient must serve for want of a better.

Silv. I attend you, Signor.

Carl. (*to* Flora) You make a coward of me.

Flora. (*to* Carlos) And you have taught me to be courageous.

Carl. But I will prove that a coward is more frequently frightened into courage, than a brave man is persuaded into cowardice.

Flora. How ungraciously you repay my pity!

Carl. You have none: for is it generous to cure a man of an ague to throw him into a fever? Your cruel pity, charming Flora, has saved my life, only to captivate my soul.

Flora. Do not attribute the compassion I have shown to any thing but a feeling of justice; for, when you quit this house, and you are no longer endangered through me, I shall be the first to seek your life.

Carl. You now are compassionate!

Flora. How so?

Carl. If I die by your command, my death will be glorious indeed! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

The Scene continues.

SCENE I.—*Enter* SILVIA.

Silvia.

MY lady is racking her brain to invent plans that her vanity may not suffer a defeat: but what is it to me if she do or do not ascertain the truth? It is my place to obey her in silence. This is the door which leads to the tower. Now for wit and invention. (*calling at the door to the left*) It is Silvia. You may open the door.

SCENE II.—*Enter* CARLOS.

Carl. You are welcome.

Silv. How do you like solitude?

Carl. I am not in fact solitary, since my chagrin never quits me.

Silv. Suppose, Signor, I were to tell you there is *one* who would readily keep you company, to dissipate that chagrin?

Carl. Who is it?

Silv. Listen. A lady came to the door in a Spanish mantle, and inquired for me. I went to see who it was, but she would not unveil. She said, she knew you were here; and added, with many sighs and tears——

Carl. Astonishing!

Silv. That she must see you. I made an excuse, and left her, to know your pleasure, Signor.

Carl. Let me collect my confused thoughts. Who can it be? I am a stranger, and acquainted with nobody in this city from whom I have a right to expect this attention. As no torments can equal those of suspense, tell her I will see her.

Silv. See her, Signor? You are frantic! If my lady knew that any person came to see you, much more a woman, she would——

Carl. How should she know? Night draws on apace; I must then be gone. Oh, do not dismiss me more unfortunate than I came!

Silv. There is no resisting your eloquence. I will risk all to oblige you. [*Exit* Silvia.

Carl. A lady wish to see me? By Heaven, the women of Vienna methinks are bewitched! I have scarcely been here two days, and one calls me to her at the peril of my life; another rescues me from imprisonment and death at the risk of her honor; a third comes to seek and console me; and all three distract me.

SCENE III.—*Enter* SILVIA, *with* FLORA *veiled.*

Silv. Yonder is the Cavalier, Signora. It is fortunate we have come hither without discovery: my lady is a very dragon. I will stand centinel at the outward door. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Carl. Bright hidden sun, whose glorious rays are obscured under a black cloud, appear in all your splendor. If you deign to illume these regions, quitting your native spheres, come, like a second Aurora, and drive away the gloomy shades of night.

Flora. Noble stranger, the first request I have to make, and as a woman I have a right to command, is, that you will not ask to see my face. Your courtesy to the fair sex is no secret to me: I therefore rely on your compliance. On this condition, you shall know what brought me hither.

Carl. It is too hard, fair lady; who could forbear attempting to see your face?

Flora. Those whose interest demands that forbearance. If you see my face, I must not speak; and I have something of consequence to communicate.

Carl. If then I remove that beauty-blind, I make you dumb; and, if you speak, you leave me in the dark? You are an enigma, fair lady, which I cannot resolve; but, since you deal in contradictions, I will at once decide. Speak.

Flora. I am the lady who first involved you, as you may recollect, by my dress. When I asked your protection, I little imagined I should endanger your life! But apologies will not remedy the evil. When my persecutor attacked you, I fled in terror; but charged a trusty servant to follow and learn the issue. He informed me that you had entered this house, out of which no one had seen you go; and I resolved to visit you: the never-failing eloquence of gold gained me admission. I come to atone for my imprudence. You are a stranger, and it is of the utmost importance you should speedily return to your country! To elude the vigilance of justice, take this jewel, which will be a sure passport: golden spurs are the best. Do not give a false picture of our ladies to your countrymen. Remember that she who involved extricated you from your difficulties; that another protected and saved you: the good will thus overbalance the ill. Farewell!

Carl. This obstinate concealment led me to expect reproach: how agreeably I am disappointed! My benefactress said, "If I show you favor, when I ought to be mortally offended, how shall I treat you when I may have reason to be pleased?" I, on the contrary, might say, "If you conceal your face when you mean to oblige, how will you punish those who give you offence?" Lovely lady (for courtesy and grace are the twin sisters of beauty) I do not ask your rank; it is proclaimed by your deportment and manners: and the jewel, which I value more as it comes from you than for its intrinsic worth, speaks you no less noble of mind. Oh, that you would unveil! Yet I will not urge a request you are unwilling to grant: perhaps, indeed, you are merciful in refusing. I must fly this night; and, not knowing, I shall not feel the extent of my loss.

Flora. This night!

Carl. Yes.

Flora. But why in such haste?

Carl. Because my absence is necessary to the safety of my angelic preserver.

Flora Does not the governor's daughter protect you?

Carl. She is my saviour!

Flora. What have you then to fear?

Carl. That her generosity should wound her reputation, which is dearer to me than life.

SILVIA *and* DINERO *without.*

Silv. Be gone, I say.

Din. I won't. You are listening; why should not I?

Flora. I hear voices: take the jewel and retire, Signor. Farewell.

Carl. Farewell, fair and impenetrable lady—Oh love, in what a labyrinth hast thou led me!

[*Exit* Carlos *through the door which leads to the tower:* Flora *locks it.*

SCENE V.—*Enter* SILVIA.

Flora. (*throwing up her hood*) To whom were you speaking, Silvia?

Silv. Your lover's domestic, Signora, who has been released from prison.

Flora. (*going*) He must not see me, or when they meet my deception will be discovered.

SCENE VI.—*Enter* DINERO.

Din. Ladies, sweet ladies, pray give me your attention; for every dog has his day. I come in search of my master, Signor Carlos, whom I lost hereabouts yesterday evening, and who may be known by the following signs. He is a tall handsome young gentleman, whose face would be a passport to an empress. Whoever will produce or bring intelligence of him shall receive an adequate recompence; but, if any person maliciously sequester or conceal him, they will be tried, cast, and condemned, for felony.

Flora. Insufferable nonsense!

Silv. What is your business?

Din. I belong to a gentleman who only set foot in this city to kill the governor's nephew. I crave your pardon; the account is perhaps superfluous. It is whispered he made a somerset through a certain window in this house: I wish you would have the goodness to shew it me, that I may likewise try my agility.

Flora. Dismiss the fool, Silvia!

Silv. Gentle squire, I have before told you we know nothing of your quixote master: let a civil answer content you, or we must call the footman to shew you the door.

Din. Your tongue is more formidable than twenty footmen: good by t' ye. (*going: a noise within.*)

Silv. I hear footsteps.

Din. Faith and troth, it is the governor's excellency! What shall I say?

Flora. My father! What can I do with this mantle?

Silv. Hide it.
Flora. There is no time. Your lord is at the door.
Din. I have the ague.
Silv. Unfortunate interruption!
Flora. I shall expire!

SCENE VII.—*Enter* Don Cesar, *and* Servants.

Cesar. How now, daughter! Going out at this late hour?
Flora. No, my Lord.
Cesar. Where, then, have you been?
Flora. No where.
Din. (*aside*) The governor's daughter! There is mischief in the wind: if she speak the truth, the world is grown honest. But where is my master? I hope he has escaped with whole bones!
Cesar. If you have neither been nor intended to go abroad, why this mantle?
Flora. That man has just brought it from the tailor.
Silv. My lady certainly did not put it on to go out.
Din. (*aside*) The lie is too ingenious not to be supported. (*aloud*) See what a fall on the shoulders! It is the paragon of mantles.
Flora. Good. Here, Silvia, lay it by till I am out of mourning.
Din. It is a finished specimen of art.
Cesar. Approach, friend: are not you the man who called himself the servant of Carlos Colonna?
Din. In troth, your excellency, I am the identical he!
Flora. (*aside*) Who would have thought my father knew him?
Din. Before my advancement to that honorable post, I was a knight of the thimble; but my conscience and a fasting stomach snapped short the thread of sin. Now, seeing Signor Carlos lost, if not killed, and myself turned adrift in a strange country, I have found out my old master, who has settled in this city. He sent me with the mantle. Your excellency may believe me or not, as you please. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Cesar. A whimsical fellow! Take lights to my apartments immediately, for I must go out. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Flora. At this hour?
Cesar. Yes.
Flora. It is dusk.
Cesar. No matter: the affair is urgent. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Flora. I breathe!

Silv. Since we have miraculously escaped disgrace, tell me, Signora, why visit your Cavalier in this unseemly disguise?

Flora. I thought he might, for the moment, be in pecuniary difficulties.

Silv. Could not you have offered him the jewel without running so great a risk?

Flora. What could he have inferred, but that I paid him for killing my cousin? Could I more prudently discharge the debt of gratitude?

Silv. But how shall we dispose of our prisoner?

Flora. He shall depart, though his absence is death to me. Have you heard my father go out?

Silv. This moment.

Flora. Then witness that honor, for once, triumphs over love! If years of constancy could not conquer my indifference, surely the impression of a day will be easily erased?

Silv. I will call Signor Carlos. (*unlocks the door.*)

Flora. Oh, Love, rob me not of prudence!

SCENE X.—*Enter* CARLOS, *following* SILVIA.

Flora. Signor Carlos, 'tis time you should depart, if my honor is dear to you.

Carl. Dearer than life!

Flora. One request I have to make.

Carl. It shall be held sacred.

Flora. Never mention the protection you have received.

Carl. The inviolable respect I owe you, fair lady, will seal my lips: yet this heart overflows with gratitude. To lighten the sacrifice, bright excellence, pardon my presumption, and confer immortal honor on this poor jewel by making it yours. Do not scorn the offering, for the ears ought to sacrifice their trophies to the eyes. Seek not to solve the enigma: to speak is impossible, yet silence was beyond my efforts.

Flora. (*aside*) I scarcely can suppress my feelings! (*aloud*) Signor Carlos, your jewel is valuable, but you must excuse me from accepting it: your courtesy is discourteous; and in offending her who gave it you offend me. Here is enigma for enigma: keep your jewel, and depart.

Carl. Give it, then, to your attendant. Farewell, lovely lady! May angels guard you! (*going, returns*) Cruel suspense! It is not to be borne! Yet, the enigma? Oh speak!

Flora. I must not.

Carl. Why cast me in a labyrinth of doubt?

Flora. To be silent was impossible.

Silv. Come, Signor, time is precious; my lord will return before you are in safety.

Carl. Why do I gaze?
Silv. Come, Signor!
Flora. Why do I listen?
Carl. Since I dare not——
Flora. Since I cannot——
Carl. Give my feelings utterance.
Flora. Suppress my emotion.

(*speaking together, but aside.*)

[*Exeunt different ways.*

SCENE XI.

Changes to a retired Part of FABIO'S *Garden.* ARNALDO *and* NISA.

Nisa. Remain here, Signor, till my master is retired to his room.

Arn. I will not breathe.

Nisa. My lady will soon join you. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Arn. This silent gloom is congenial to my soul: how dearly bought are the joys of love! Oh, cypress-crowned night, sad queen of sleep, though thou spread'st thy sable veil o'er the empire of the west, thy dark caverns shall be illumed by the moon of beauty: thou shalt usurp the loveliest attributes of Aurora: thy starry dome in splendor shall rival the brilliant flowers of day: thy mourning shrine be changed to the smiling temple of Love!

SCENE XIII.—*Enter* LAURA *and* NISA.

Laura. (*to* Nisa) Watch at my brother's door, that all may be secure.

Nisa. I shall there expect you, Madam. [*Exit.*

Laura. Arnaldo!

Arn. Laura, this excess of goodness staggers my faith: I am jealous of myself.

Laura. Trust to my love, and dismiss jealousy, for to that you owe your happiness.

Arn. How so?

Laura. If my brother had not betrayed his suspicions, these nocturnal interviews would have been unnecessary: thus jealousy outwits itself.

Arn. The mortal affliction which corrodes my heart is a counterpoison to the torments of love; thus I am saved while others die.

Laura. Unkind Arnaldo! The fatal death of your friend has cooled your affection. (*a noise within*) But what is that?

Arn. A man breaking into the garden.

Laura. Who can it be?

Arn. Fortune is jealous of my happiness.

Carl. (*within*) Merciful Heaven!

Laura. Alas, it is my brother!

Arn. No, this violence would be unnecessary.

Laura. Who then can it be?

Arn. (*drawing*) That my sword shall force him to declare.

Laura. Cruel dilemma!

Arn. Defend yourself!

SCENE XIV.—*Enter* CARLOS.

Carl. Cavalier, turn not your sword against the unfortunate: if you are the generous master of this mansion, excuse the desperation of necessity. I am pursued by a jealous husband. (*aside*) Prudence and love suggest the fiction. (*aloud*) You are noble, and will assist a gentleman in distress: give me, then, passage to the next garden. Perhaps Fortune, weary of persecuting, will second your generous intentions, and bring me into the port of safety.

Arn. Signor!

Laura. Ah me!

Arn. You are little indebted to Fortune for directing you hither: these are the gardens of the lord governor: you can neither remain here nor proceed, since both are equally dangerous.

Carl. If I proceed, the risk is mine; if I stay, it is yours: suffer me, then, to pass, for desperation may effect that which fear deems impossible.

Arn. You raise strange conjectures, Signor: this defiance of justice implies more than you are willing to acknowledge. I must know who you are.

Carl. Wherefore this curiosity in a stranger's concerns, Signor?

Arn. You come perhaps a spy upon my actions?

Carl. It is evident, Signor, you are goaded by jealousy; that it is not you I seek, my eagerness to quit you is sufficient proof: neither ought a flying rival to excite your fears: from that house, which is the last, I can easily effect my escape.

Arn. Jealousy is rash. Signor, I am satisfied: follow me.

Carl. I am your eternal debtor. (*aside*) Flying from bondage, I return, oh beauteous Flora, thy willing captive.

[*Exeunt* Arnaldo *and* Carlos.

Laura. Strange accident! Unlucky intrusion! The first night that——

[*A knocking within:* Arnaldo *returns, and* Don Cesar *calls within.*

Cesar. Open the door! Quick!
Laura. Merciful Heaven!
Arn. (*returning*) He is safe! But whence that knocking?
Fab. (*within*) Lights! What means this disturbance?
Cesar. Open the door!
Arn. What can be done?
Laura. Make your escape.
Arn. I cannot——
Laura. Wretched Laura!
Arn. Without help!
Laura. Heavenly Powers!
Arn. I assisted a stranger: who will assist me?
Laura. Conceal yourself in the arbor. (Arnaldo *conceals himself.*)

SCENE XV.—*Enter* FABIO, *and* Servants *with Lights.*

Fab. I will know the truth. Who goes there?
Laura. Laura.
Fab. Here at this late hour?
Laura. Hearing a noise, I left my chamber.
Fab. Open the gates, and see who knocks.

SCENE XVI.—*Enter* DON CESAR, *with* CELIO *and Officers.*

Cesar. Excuse, Signor Fabio, this unseasonable intrusion: I am in pursuit of my enemy.
Fab. Where is he?
Cel. We traced him as far as your garden; but, quick as lightning, he disappeared.
Fab. If you saw him he must be here; for he could not escape unassisted.
Cesar. Let us search different ways. (*they search on different sides.*)
Laura. Heavens! I am lost if Arnaldo is discovered!
Cesar. Here is a man concealed. (Arnaldo *is brought forward, his face concealed, and his sword drawn.*)
Fab. Uncover.
Arn. Rather take my life!
Cesar. (*taking him apart*) A word, Signor Carlos.
Arn. Merciful Heaven! Is it my enemy I have saved?
Cesar. Great as my injuries are, I will not add to your distress: you need not uncover; but deliver yourself into custody.
Laura. (*aside*) How will this end?
Arn. (*aside*) If I go, my enemy will escape by my connivance, and my friend remain unrevenged: if I discover myself, Laura will be exposed to the rage of a jealous brother. To be silent is death, and to speak is base: my life or honor is at stake; but honor is dearer to me than existence. (*to* Don Cesar, *who supposes him to be* Don Carlos) Don Cesar!

Laura. I shall expire!

Arn. To you alone I deliver my sword.

Cesar. (*returning the sword*) Sheathe it, Signor. Celio, conduct your prisoner to the tower.

Arn. (*going*) Come, Celio.

Cel. What mystery is this? *You*, Arnaldo?

Arn. Hush! Be secret, as you love me!

[*Exeunt* Celio, Arnaldo, *and officers.*

Cesar. Adieu, Signor Fabio. Pardon, fair Laura, this intrusion.

Laura. (*aside*) You ask too much!

Fab. Suffer me to——

Cesar. By no means. (*aside*) Carlos is now in my power, and my soul is divided between the opposite duties of friendship and revenge. Oh, may they be happily reconciled!

[*Exit.*

SCENE XVII.

Laura. (*aside*) Arnaldo taken for the man who killed the friend he so bitterly regrets! Arnaldo, the savior of his enemy? And could I see this and remain silent?

Fab. (*aside*) Laura here at this hour? A man concealed in the garden! Do I dream?

Laura. (*aside*) But when he is discovered, is not his release certain?

Fab. (*aside*) Can there be any doubt? Was not he traced hither?

Laura. (*aside*) But what will my brother say?

Fab. (*aside*) Will not to-morrow bring the truth to light?

Laura. (*aside*) There is no remedy to my woes!

Fab. (*aside*) I must till then stifle my rage. (*aloud*) Laura!

Laura. Brother!

Fab. It is late: retire to your chamber.

Laura. (*aside*) Oh, how suspicious is honor!

Fab. (*aside*) Tormenting jealousy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVIII.

Changes to the Inside of the Tower, the Stage dark: folding Doors in the Middle: a small Door at the Side. Enter CARLOS *and* SILVIA *through the Side Door.*

Carl. How fortunate, dear Silvia, that you happened to come into the garden.

Silv. I have ventured, Signor, to bring you hither without consulting my lady: remain here, till I know her pleasure.

Carl. Tell her that I was again pursued by her father and

his officers from house to house; and, after various adventures, once more regained the garden.

Silv. Adieu, Signor. I must not be seen by my lord at this late hour. [*Exit, locking the side door.*

Carl. Recommend me to your beauteous lady. Was ever adventure more singular than mine? Or knight-errant more favored? (Arnaldo *and* Celio *are heard unlocking the folding doors*) What is that? The great door unlocks: my retreat is perhaps discovered.

SCENE XIX.

ARNALDO *and* CELIO *slowly come through the folding Doors with a Lamp.*

Carl. No doubt, I have been followed; these men seek my life: one of them fought beside the Cavalier I slew: cruel mischance! Yet I will not desert myself. (*He unsheathes his sword, and posts himself against the side scene:* Celio *places the lamp on a table.*)

Cel. This is the best apartment of the tower.

Arn. The inconvenience of a night is a trifle, my friend.

Cel. Your adventure is most singular.

Arn. The lady, Laura, had given me a meeting in her garden.

Cel. Speak low.

Carl. (*aside*) If they attack me, they will meet a desperate man: what should bring them here? If I could but approach! But no! If they seek not me, why should I seek them?

Arn. Fool that I was! I saved my enemy to involve myself.

Cel. Be calm.

Arn. Thus I am mistaken for the homicide of the friend I most loved.

Cel. Strange error! But to-morrow you will be at liberty.

Arn. Can I think of myself at such a moment? Oh, that my life would ransom the honor of my beloved Laura!

Cel. Surely an expedient might be found?

Arn. I know but of one.

Cel. What is it?

Arn. For me to immediately seek Laura, and concert with her a plausible story. Suffer me to go! I will soon return.

Cel. The step is perilous, but I will risk all to serve you. Remember my honor is at your mercy.

Arn. I will return before day.

Cel. Go, and prosper.

Arn. You shall not repent this confidence.

[*Exeunt* Arnaldo *and* Celio, *leaving the lamp.*

Carl. They are gone. What could bring them here? They seemed to be in consultation, but I could not catch a word: I

am not in safety: sooner or later I must be discovered. Oh, that I could acquaint Silvia of this new embarrassment! But, perhaps, she will soon return. (*the folding doors unlock*) Here, no doubt, she comes. This lamp will attest the truth of my relation. Who seeks me?

SCENE XX.—*Enter* DON CESAR: CARLOS *amazed.*

Cesar. It is I, Signor Carlos.

Carl. You, my Lord?

Cesar. I come not to alarm you: let us be seated; I have much to say. (*they sit*) Be not surprised, Signor Carlos, at this late and unexpected visit from the man who is at once your accuser, protector, and judge. Our interview is secret as the grave, for I waited till my family were locked in the arms of sleep to visit you. This sudden change, from extreme rigor to amity, no doubt appears strange: listen, and your perplexity will cease. I am the intimate friend of your father; neither time nor absence have weakened our mutual regard: to him I am indebted for life and honor; nor can my latent injuries annul the obligation. One day, some thirty years back, as I followed the glorious standard of his Catholic Majesty, two noblemen of the enemy's camp sent me a challenge. To make the party equal, I engaged your father, who was my companion in arms, to be my second. He nobly served my cause, and we triumphantly returned from the combat: thus he made me his eternal debtor, and we ran together the race of glory till peace and unconquerable circumstances separated us: but, I fear, I grow tedious. These obligations are indelibly engraven on my heart: nor can blood itself erase them. A fatal chance brought you, Signor Carlos, to Vienna: my nephew is slain by your hand, and I am equally bound to prosecute and to protect his homicide. Such is my cruel situation: pity, revenge, hatred, and friendship, at once distract my soul. When I discovered you in the garden, how painful were the duties of my office! I am forced at once to be severe and compassionate: yesterday I was your foe, to-day I am your friend, and to-morrow I must be your judge. Think on a satisfactory defence, that I may fulfil the joint duties of consanguinity and friendship: and let our interview be a secret. Farewell! We part friends, but meet again enemies. [*Exit, locking the door.*

Carl. Do I dream? Don Cesar acquainted with my concealment, secretly visit me, and not even express displeasure? Nay, when I expected death at his hands, avow himself my father's bosom friend? Either he is himself deceived, or I am betrayed. Let us examine the matter cooly. Had he discovered the truth, could he so patiently have borne his dishonor? Nay, could prudence have urged him to dissemble and speak the language of moderation? His countenance must have betrayed his feelings;

for there nature is stronger than art. Yet of what garden did he speak? What discovery? I am distracted with doubts so complicated. How shall I act? To remain is dangerous, and to escape as difficult. All will be discovered to-morrow; my enemy will take his revenge; and, agonizing thought, the angelic Flora may perhaps fall a victim to her generosity! Oh Fate, give me not a thousand deaths in one!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same as at the Beginning of the Second Act.*
FLORA, SILVIA.

Flora.

WHAT is it you tell me?

Silv. The simple truth. Signor Carlos is returned, to revive your hopes and fears, Signora.

Flora. Though you have fifty times repeated the same thing, I could listen for ever: 'tis scarcely day, yet anxiety has made me quit my pillow. Tell me every particular.

Silv. When you were asleep, Signora, I descended into the garden, where I found Signor Carlos. After my alarm was a little subsided, I learned that he had a second time eluded the pursuit of your father, by escaping from the Lady Laura's garden to ours. The poor youth was delighted to see me, and I ventured to conceal him in the tower till I should know your pleasure.

Flora. Yesterday I was distracted at his departure; to-day I am uneasy at his return. How capricious is love! This moment our hopes exceed bounds: the next we are the slaves of fear.

Silv. Your soliloquy, Madam, has led you to the door of the tower.

Flora. Without any design, Silvia: but, since we are here, you may unlock the door. (*a noise within*) Who comes yonder?

Silv. Our quondam tailor.

Flora. Impertinent intrusion.

Silv. Nay, Signora, the animal is pleasant.

Flora. He must not enter.

Silv. Here he is.

SCENE II.—*Enter* DINERO.

Din. Fair lady, I am a humble admirer of your wit, and only lament that your prudence is an impregnable fortress.

Silv. A truce to your impertinence: leave us.
Din. Is another mantle to be tried on?
Arn. (*within*) Traitor! Have I found you?
[*The clashing of swords within.*
Flora. Heavens! What is that?
Din. Only a sword duet.
Flora. It proceeds from the tower. I am ruined!
Arn. (*within*) My vengeance is secure.
Carl. I fear you not.
Arn. We cannot fight here.

SCENE III.—*Enter* ARNALDO *and* CARLOS, *fighting.*

Flora. Merciful Powers!
Arn. (*seeing* Flora) Amazement!
Flora. Protect me, Heaven!
Arn. Traitor, guard your life.
Carl. Look to your own.
Din. (*running behind* Silvia) These cursed swords! Oh that my master loved fighting as little as myself!
Flora. What is this, Signor Arnaldo?
Arn. The fruits of your indiscretion, lady. You were the cause of Licio's death; I am not therefore surprised that you conceal *his* homicide and *your* lover. But if you thus violate the ties of blood, *I* know my duty.
Flora. (*aside*) Cruel extremity!
Carl. Cease this trifling. Come on. [*They fight.*

SCENE IV.—*Enter* DON CESAR.

Cesar. What violence is this, Signors?
Flora. (*aside*) My death is certain!
Cesar. Is this the respect you owe my house?
Arn. My Lord, the disrespect is not mine. I found your enemy here.
Flora. (*aside*) All will be discovered!
Arn. Concealed by the lady Flora, who, by a plausible tale, saved him from my vengeance.
Cesar. Rash youth, forbear to calumniate innocence. I took Signor Carlos last night in the adjoining garden, and sent him to the tower. Were I less moderate, I should have answered your malicious accusations with the sword. Flora is my daughter. Provoke me not, but depart.
Arn. (*aside*) This mistake is fortunate: Laura's reputation is saved, Carlos is secured, and I am free. Fortune mends. (*aloud*) My Lord——
Cesar. No excuse.
Arn. I ventured——
Cesar. Not a word more.
Arn. To take this liberty——

Cesar. Silence.
Arn. That I might avenge my friend.
Cesar. Be gone, I say. [*Exit, thrusting out* Arnaldo.

SCENE V.

Flora. Signor Carlos, if you do not protect me, I'm lost. My father, though he prudently dissembled with Arnaldo, is acquainted with the truth.
Carl. So I fear: but I will save you or die!
Flora. (*aside*) The remedy will be worse than the disease.

SCENE VI.—*Re-enter* Don Cesar.

Silv. (*aside*) I fear there will be murder.
Cesar. Signor Carlos, retire to your prison, and excuse the violence of Arnaldo. I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you friends.
Flora. (*aside*) Can I believe my senses?
Carl. (*aside*) Either Don Cesar is ignorant of the truth, or his prudence is consummate: time must unravel the mystery. Flora is safe; and, as imprisonment is the least evil I had to expect, Fortune mends. (*aloud*) My Lord, I am at your devotion. [*Exit.*
Din. My turn is next.
Cesar. Your business, friend?
Din. Understanding that your excellency had hospitably given my lost master a lodging, I threw aside the shears, tore off the thimble, and hastened hither only, I fear, to be sent back.
Cesar. You may follow your master.
Din. Never was decision more graciously given or received! [*Exit.*
Flora. (*aside*) My father restrains his anger till we are alone: but it will not be the less terrible.
Cesar. Silvia, leave us. [*Exit* Silvia.

SCENE VII.

Flora. (*aside*) There is no remedy: I must throw myself at his feet, and confess the truth. (*kneeling*) My Lord!
Cesar. What means this agitation? Rise!
Flora. Arnaldo accused me of——
Cesar. Concealing Signor Carlos.
Flora. I am your child! And, like you——
Cesar. Feel justly indignant at calumny so unfounded. Grieve not that his insolence remained unchastised. I know the truth, that is sufficient. You must do me a kindness, Flora. Let Signor Carlos receive every attention; nor be surprised at

this sudden change from hatred to friendship. Such is the world; one day bitter foes, the next cordial friends. At one moment vengeance is legitimate, at another it were base. I cannot stay to tell you more. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Flora. Merciful Heaven! What strange contradictions are these? My father affirms he took Carlos prisoner in Laura's garden; Silvia assures me she found him in ours! When I expected to meet the rage of a justly offended father, he begs me to show my lover every respect and attention. Am I awake? Can evil thus unexpectedly change to good? In any case I must own that Fortune mends.

SCENE VIII.—*Enter* LAURA.

Laura. Dear Flora!

Flora. Laura! So early a visit?

Laura. Yes, my friend, when the mind is distressed, the body is restless. I come to you for consolation and assistance. I need not tell you the cause of my woes, for the sorrows of love need no interpreter. I wish to see a Cavalier, whose evil destiny last night conducted him from my garden to your house. Though the alcaide generously suffered him, on his parole, to return, we could not speak, for my brother was on the watch. My honor and life depend on this interview.

Flora. (*aside*) Heavens! What is it I hear?

Laura. You are silent.

Flora. What can I say? (*aside*) I am stung by jealousy. Scarcely have I escaped one danger, when I am threatened by a greater: is there no end to the malice of Fate? Laura is beloved by Carlos; for her sake he exposed the life I saved at the risk of my honor. 'Twas indeed my evil destiny which led him hither!

Laura. Keep me not in suspense!

Flora. (*aside*) How shall I act? Shall jealousy yield to friendship? No: the sacrifice is too great.

Laura. Why thus agitated?

Flora. You ask impossibilities: this door, which leads to the tower, is always locked; and the alcaide has the key of the other.

Laura. Cannot you open it?

Flora. Without the key!

Laura. Break the lock.

Flora. Servants have evil tongues.

Laura. Oh, what difficulties you raise!

Flora. Is it my fault?

Laura. Your friendship is very cold.

Flora. I would oblige you——

Laura. Say no more.

Flora. If I could.

Laura. You give me convincing proof of your good will.

SCENE IX.—*Enter* Don Cesar.

Cesar. How, young ladies! quarrelling? Fie! friends should be kind. What is the subject of dispute, Flora?

Flora. A very trifle!

Laura. To you, Signora; but to me 'tis of the greatest moment. Since I cannot prevail on Flora, I will throw myself on your generosity, my Lord, and clear up the mistake under which you lay, however painful the task. The Cavalier you took last night was my lover, who had unwittingly assisted your enemy and his to pass from my garden to yours. I could not then explain the mistake, my brother being present: but I now with tears conjure you, my Lord, to liberate your prisoner, and save my reputation.

Cesar. (*aside*) Incredible effrontery! (*aloud*) That you should seek to relieve your overcharged heart is natural: but deceit is unworthy of you, Signora: if you wish me to serve you, be sincere. You know that Signor Carlos is the gentleman I took prisoner.

Laura. That you think so is my misfortune.

Cesar. He himself confessed it.

Laura. My honor was at stake.

Cesar. Granting his affection might induce him to criminate himself, could that influence the domestic who has seen and spoken to him?

Laura. The domestic might be bribed.

Cesar. Tormenting obstinacy! I myself, the same night, visited and conversed with the prisoner.

Laura. You, my Lord?

Cesar. I, young lady.

Laura. Then it could not be the same you took, for he is known.

Flora. Fortune mends.

Cesar. Cease this trifling, young lady, or you will distract me. (*to* Flora) Tell me, child, was it or was it not Signor Carlos whom I took prisoner?

Flora. It certainly was: I know him well, for he fled hither for refuge the afternoon my cousin, Licio, was killed.

Cesar. (*aside to* Flora) I leave you to convince your friend, for my patience is exhausted. [*Exit.*

Flora. How can you doubt what every one knows to be true?

Laura. 'Tis in vain to argue. I will have proof. [*Exit.*

Flor. I tremble for myself and her: but I will end these tormenting doubts. Silvia! My mantle.

SCENE X.—*Enter* Silvia.

Silv. You forget, Madam, the servant of Signor Carlos must have discovered your disguise,

Flora. No matter: either I will sink under the confirmation of my fears, or be blessed with the assurance of his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Changes to the Inside of the Tower. CARLOS, DINERO.

Din. Your adventure, Signor, would cut a striking figure in a romance.

Carl. You have not heard all. Yesterday a lady, enveloped in a mantle and hood, visited me, saying she was the same for whom I fought.

Din. That lady, Signor, was Flora.

Carl. How?

Din. As certainly as I am no tailor! While she visited you, I was seeking your lordship, and afterward saw her in that very mantle. Her father, Don Cesar, surprised and questioned her: your Dulcinea pretended to be trying it on, and dubbed me the hero of buckram and tape, Heaven forgive her, and a knight of the thimble. It was Flora, beyond a doubt.

Carl. This agrees with the accusation of Signor Arnaldo, who this morning taxed Flora with being the cause of her cousin's death. Thus, having involved, she held it her duty to protect me, generously risking life and reputation in my behalf; at least my heart, enamoured of her beauties, treasures the flattering belief. Oh, how fortunate was the chance which last night brought me under her casement!

Din. A description, Signor, would heighten the relish.

Carl. Listen then, nor with sacrilegious insolence again prophane her matchless excellence. You are already acquainted with the adventure which last night again brought me to the governor's garden, where I entangled myself in mazes of woodbine, honeysuckle, and myrtle, forming an agreeable labyrinth. All was tinged with the solemn hue of night: the yellow gilliflower and rich carnation no longer displayed their gaudy colours; the fountains ceased to murmur; and white clouds, from which a twinkling star occasionally peeped, o'erspread the horizon. As I was groping in the dark, reflecting on my singular situation, a distant light guided me to a casement half open, round which the jessamine and honeysuckle luxuriantly twined. There I beheld Flora, encircled by her maids, as it were Venus and her nymphs. One untied her diamond necklace and bracelets, which she carefully laid in a casket; another freed her golden tresses from the silver comb which confined them, and they waved down her ivory neck, in graceful disorder, till the net of gold and silk again kept them in subjection. Thus lovely in dishabille, who could wish to see her in the borrowed splendor of dress? A green taffeta wrap-

per, embroidered in gold over a snow white petticoat, forming the agreeable contrast of winter and spring, enveloped her lovely waist: the satin slipper was cast aside, and she seated herself on the edge of a crimson bed. A maid, who stood before her, now intercepted the light; but not so as entirely to conceal a foot of dazzling whiteness. The bed then received her, and Flora, lovely as the queen of spring, composed herself to sleep: the curtains were drawn, and I remained transfixed to the spot, in a delirium of ecstasy not unmixed with fear, till I was found by Silvia, who conducted me hither.

Din. A pertinent description, Signor: but you have forgotten one essential thing?

Carl. What is that?

Din. My Lady Flora's bosom.

Carl. Blockhead!

Din. Your coloring, Signor, is too delicate; let me add a few touches to the picture: her locks, straight as the poplar, dangled down her back, till she carefully tucked them under a cabbage net; a cotton bedgown concealed her shape, which was—Hem! when she took off her shoes, she sunk three inches in height; and before she stepped into bed she left her complexion on her toilet.

SCENE XII.—*Enter* CELIO.

Cel. (*aside*) At Arnaldo's request, I must not betray my knowledge of last night's adventure. (*aloud*) Signor, a lady veiled desires to see you; and, though I am not authorized to admit her, I shall be happy to oblige you.

Din. (*aside to* Carlos) Your lordship will see if it be Flora.

Carl. Signor, I accept your courtesy. (*Exit* Celio.) If it be, I am the most fortunate of mortals; but tremble, blasphemer, at her vengeance!

SCENE XIII.—*Enter* SILVIA.

Silv. The lady who before visited you is returned.

Carl. I know it: prithee, conduct her here. [*Exit* Silvia.

Cel. (*without*) I will lead you to the prisoner, Signora.

Silv. (*without*) You may venture, Madam, he is alone.

SCENE XIV.

Enter LAURA *led by* CELIO, FLORA *by* SILVIA, *on opposite Sides, both veiled.*

Carl. Amazement! instead of one lady, here are two, both in disguise.

Din. The Turks say the more the merrier, but we have more grace.

Laura. Signor!

Flora. Carlos!

Laura. (*aside*) Alas, it is not Arnaldo! } (*both draw back.*)

Flora. Heavens! Laura here! }

Carl. Why do you retire, ladies? What is your pleasure? Speak!

Laura. I want the courage. (*aside*) That is Flora.

Flora. And I the inclination.

Carl. If you would not bereave me of reason, speak your commands: let me hear what you have to say.

Laura. I have nothing to command.

Flora. Nor I to say.

Carl. Bright suns in eclipse, 'tis inhuman thus to leave me in the dark: though unwelcome night succeeds the radiance of day, 'tis tyranny unequalled to make me pass two nights in total obscurity.

Laura. It were useless now to unveil: you are not alone.

Din. Shall I take care of the other lady?

Carl. Silence!—Do not persist in this cruelty, fair ladies, but generously withdraw the cloud that intercepts the light of heaven.

SCENE XV.—*Re-enter* CELIO.

Cel. (*to* Carlos) Don Cesar, Signor, whose lenity and esteem for valor overbalance the rigor of justice, requests you to meet Signor Arnaldo at my house, that he may have the pleasure of seeing you reconciled.

Carl. I thankfully attend you, Signor. (*aside*) On my return the gordian knot shall be untied. (*aloud*) Farewell, inexorable divinities.

Din. (*aside*) I am like the ass between two bundles of hay.

Carl. (*to* Dinero) Suffer neither of them to go.

[*Exeunt* Carlos *and* Celio.

Din. (*aside*) Now for pulling of caps!

Flora. (*aside*) This suspense is death.

Laura. I must solve my jealous doubts.

Din. (*aside*) Should these rival queens come to daggers-drawn, my situation will be enviable.

Flora. Laura!

Laura. Flora!

Flora. (*taking her aside*) I wish to speak with you.

Laura. I have something to say.

Flora. You cannot be ignorant of my love?

Laura. You know my affliction.

Flora. Our complaint is the same.

Laura. One disease consumes us.

Flora. Let us come to an explanation.

Laura. And either be cured or killed.

Flora. You come to visit Carlos?

Laura. This is the first time I spoke to him.

Flora. Then why seek him?

Laura. It was not him I sought.

Flora. You must forgive my incredulity.

Laura. It was Arnaldo, who is a prisoner, I came to visit.

Flora. I now see the mistake: it was Arnaldo my father yesterday evening took.

Laura. It is for him that I come.

Flora. Arnaldo is your lover?

Laura. Yes.

Flora. It was Arnaldo with whom you conversed?

Laura. He was concealed in my garden.

Flora. And Carlos was not with you?

Laura. Carlos with *me*?

Flora. He is not your lover?

Laura. No.

Flora. Fortune mends: one good turn deserves another. Arnaldo is no longer a prisoner.

Laura. How?

Flora. My father, supposing that Carlos was the person he took, suffered Arnaldo to go.

Laura. Then I have nothing to fear?

Flora. Nothing.

Laura. My honor is safe, and my brother ignorant of the truth?

Flora. Yes.

Laura. Fortune mends.

Din. (*aside*) Was ever poor devil more tantalized? Their tongues are incessantly going, yet I cannot hear a word they say.

Laura. While the coast is clear, I will make my escape. Adieu, my friend. [*Exit.*

Flora. Adieu.

Din. One bird is flown: I must secure the other. You must not stir, lady, till you say who you are. (*detaining* Flora.)

Flora. Let me go.

Din. This mantle does not fit, Signora; you must take it off, and send it back to the tailor.

Flora. You know not what you say, friend.

Din. No matter: I seldom understand myself; but I can make myself intelligible to others.

SCENE XVI.—*Re-enter* LAURA *in Terror.*

Laura. Flora, save me!

Flora. What has happened?

Laura. I see my brother yonder, who has followed me hither! Yet why do I fear? The door which leads into your apartment is open. I will shut myself in.

[*Exit, locking the inside.*

Flora. A moment's patience. I will follow: terror makes her deaf. I am locked out: how shall I escape?

SCENE XVII.—*Enter* FABIO.

Fab. (*aside*) Laura quit the house so early to come hither? Alas, my fears were prophetic! But when does the warning voice of honor deceive? Carlos last night was concealed in my garden, and I find my sister this morning in his prison. Nothing shall prevent my just revenge. (*aloud*) Unworthy woman, do you suppose me ignorant of your guilt?

Flora. How shall I act? To discover or conceal the truth is equally improper.

Fab. Tremble at my vengeance! Honor knows but of one appeal.

Flora. (*to* Dinero) Forbear!

Din. Swords and daggers! A man must be valiant once in his life, and this pompous declaimer may be an errant coward. He who reviles a woman is no gentleman. (*aside*) Why do I interfere?

Fab. (*haughtily*) Are you her champion?

Din. Yes.

Fab Protect her if you can. [*They draw their swords.*

Din. (*aside*) Oh for a friendly mediator to part us!

SCENE *the Last.*

Enter DON CESAR, CARLOS, ARNALDO, *and* CELIO.

Arn. Put up your swords.

Din. (*aside*) Blessed interruption!

Flora. (*aside*) Cruel fortune! I shall certainly be discovered.

Cesar. What means this disturbance in my house, Signor Fabio?

Din. (*aside*) A minute longer, and I should have valiantly beat a retreat.

Fab. My Lord, it was not without a cause; but I must entreat you to forbear questions. I was in pursuit of this lady, no matter her name; she fled hither, and this fellow dared to oppose me.

Din. He did well.

Fab. Offence was not intended; suffer me then, Don Cesar, to lead her away.

Flora. Fortune is again my friend.

Arn. (*aside*) Who can it be?

Cesar. (*aside*) How unfortunate! It must be Laura, who is no doubt beloved by Signor Carlos.

Din. (*aside*) This is fighting to some purpose.

Fab. Come.

Carl. Pardon me, Signor. This lady is an entire stranger to me, and I am ignorant of your motives or claims; but she came to visit me, and I will not suffer her to be taken away unless she declare she is willing to go.

Flora. (*aside*) Thinking to save, he has ruined me!

Cesar. Every syllable is a new riddle.

Fab. Retract your words, Signor, or defend your life.

Din. (*aside*) No day shall pass but I will give demonstration of my valor.

Cesar. Signors, you forget you are in the presence of the governor. The lady shall go with no one, but remain with my daughter till the truth is ascertained.

Flora. This alone can snatch me from death.

Cesar. She will be in safety, and her honor secure. (*to* Flora) Come, Signora, it was ill advised in a young lady of quality to risk her reputation.

Din. (*aside*) I will practise the sword till I can challenge the world.

Fab. My Lord, the suspicions of jealousy are not so easily appeased: this lady, I blush to own it, is my sister, and she shall not go till her honor and mine are without blemish.

Arn. If it be Laura, I am bound to defend her: it was me she came to see.

Cesar. (*aside*) Are the people bewitched? (*aloud*) *You,* Signor Arnaldo, at my house? How can that be?

Din. (*aside*) Each pulls a contrary way.

Arn. You shall hear: as my heart and faith are Laura's, it is better at once to declare the truth. I am the Cavalier, Don Cesar, whom you took in the garden, where love and my good fortune called me. I aided Signor Carlos to evade your pursuit, and was taken in his place.

Cesar. (*aside*) This accounts for Laura's obstinacy; but my honor demands an explanation. (*aloud*) If Signor Arnaldo was the Cavalier I took prisoner, how came you here, Carlos?

Carl. (*aside*) Flora shall not have cause to repent her generosity. (*aloud*) Finding all still, and the door open, I thought the tower would be a safe asylum till the pursuit was over: the obliging visit of your lordship, and the friendship you expressed for my father afterward, induced me to remain.

Din. (*aside*) The storm is not yet blown over.

Fab. Whether it be you, or Signor Carlos, she shall return with me.

Arn. I will defend her.

Cesar. Respect my decision. The lady shall retire into my daughter's apartment till your violence shall be abated: but who is this?

Enter LAURA.

Laura. It is I, my Lord, who was in Flora's apartment; but hearing my brother's voice, I come to seek him.

Cesar. What excuse, Signor Fabio, can you allege for this violence?

Fab. I joyfully acknowledge my error.

Arn. But who can this lady be?

Cesar. Pray, Madam, unveil, and relieve us from this tormenting perplexity. (Flora *unveils*) Heaven! Unworthy girl!

Din. How admirably the mantle fits! Nay, my Lord, be not angry; we were trying it for the last time.

Cesar. I now see my error, Die! [*Offering to kill her.*

Carl. (*preventing him*) With my life I will protect the divine Flora.

Cesar. Her husband only can assume that right.

Carl. Thus I accept the glorious privilege. (*taking* Flora's *hand, which he kisses.*)

Cesar. (*aside*) Since this union was the secret wish of my heart, why should I complain?

Fab. (*aside*) This would have been so advantageous a match for Laura, that I regret he was not her lover.

Arn Bestow your sister on me, Signor Fabio; I will not disgrace your choice.

Fab. With pleasure: thus all parties are satisfied.

Laura. (*giving her hand*) Here!

Arn. My hand and heart are yours.

Din. Since our misfortunes are miraculously changed into blessings (if matrimony be one) we will hope that our faults will meet with indulgence.

Carl. And if this comedy, which the author lays at your feet, have the good fortune to please, it will indeed be better than it was *. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

REMARKS.

Of this Comedy, little more is to be observed than what has been said in the remarks on *From Bad to Worse,* and of the general principles of composition, as practised by the poets of

* *Mejor esta que estaba* is the Spanish title of this Comedy, and literally signifies, "It is better than it was."

Spain. If mistakes are committed, in the directions for disposition and change of scene, they are the mistakes of the translator: but they are at least venial, for, in the original, the author himself gives none: all is left to conjecture. The more we examine, the more we find how freely incidents and situations of embarrassed lovers have been borrowed from the Spanish writers. In translation, liberties are inevitably taken: our manners would at present revolt, if the ideas were all and accurately given. The spirit of the author it is presumed is carefully preserved.

DRAMATIC BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF THOMAS WESTON, COMEDIAN.

To those who delight to observe the efforts of the human mind, in whatever way they may exhibit themselves, it has ever been a painful reflection that the man of genius, who devotes his talents to the histrionic art, when he dies, leaves no memento behind, except in the memory of his contemporaries, of the high excellence to which those talents had arrived. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, raise lasting monuments, that bear testimony to the combinations of the mind by which they were conceived. The actor, on the contrary, in the grave to which his dust is committed, finds a grave for his talents.

The same fate, indeed, attends all those, whose powers of mind are exhibited in combination with their bodily faculties. When Orpheus dies his lyre lies unstrung.

It is true that duration itself is but relative, and that time is the great, the universal destroyer. Phidias, Zeuxis, Raphael, Homer, Milton, nay Shakspeare himself, all must share the fate which that wonderful poet has so sublimely described. Like his cloud-clapped towers, genius itself must dissolve and

> "Leave not a wreck behind: We are such stuff
> "As dreams are made on, and our little life
> "Is rounded with a sleep."

But there is a contrast, and a feeling, in the fate of the man who, at once, combines and exerts his mental and bodily faculties: especially of the actor. The pleasure he gives is so vivid, nay sometimes so exquisite, that to recollect it must so shortly cease is a pain from which the mind would gladly escape. The applause, too, which he receives, comes in a more open, decided, and powerful manner than there is any opportunity of announcing, to genius that exerts itself wholly in seclusion: and the grandeur of this applause does but make its loss the more severely felt: each touch of the sculptor's chisel, each stroke of the pencil of the painter, is not seen, understood, and admired by assembled multitudes, by whom it may instantly be repaid with the thunder of applause. Even the most successful dramatic author is obliged to share a divided fame with the actor. Ah, that the noble touches of his art so soon should perish!

It still would increase this misfortune, should no contemporary be found to pay the poor tribute of praise so highly deserved: or, if that praise be bestowed, if it be given in a vague, insufficient, and even derogatory manner.

This, in a peculiar degree, has been the fate of Thomas Weston. Never, while I live, can I forget the impression which this extraordinary actor nightly made, not only upon me, but, upon all who saw him, in every character that he undertook, after his fame was established.

The particulars of his life, which I here communicate, are derived from a pamphlet entitled MEMOIRS OF THOMAS WESTON, *printed for Bladon in* 1796. The facts contained in this pamphlet are so far valuable as that they belong to a man so extraordinary, and as they afford some of the means of extending his memory to posterity.

He was the son of Thomas Weston, Esq. who was the chief cook in the royal kitchen. The emoluments of that office empowered the father to give his son a proper education, and have him instructed in the polite accomplishments. About the age of sixteen, the youth showed a great partiality for theatrical exhibitions, at which he was frequently pre-

sent. He also delighted in the company of actors, and associated with the young spouters of the day, of whose clubs he became a member.

In these, his first appearance is recorded to have been the tent scene, and the battle with Richmond, in the tragedy of Richard III. It is the custom of youths, called spouters, to select scenes, each in turn, and such as each supposes himself best qualified to appear in with advantage. When the night came, it is recorded that Weston confessed his heart palpitated, his face flushed, and he was under the same trepidation as any performer, of great sensibility, on a public stage.

It is also the custom for these youths to applaud, and therefore his companions applauded; but they privately affirmed his acting was execrable, and his voice wholly unfit for the stage. He was hoarse almost immediately, but was however highly satisfied with his own performance, as he used afterward jocularly to tell his friends. To theatrical studies therefore his time was devoted.

His father procured him a place in the king's kitchen, called turnbroach: a sinecure of about thirty pounds a year, which he enjoyed till his death. By the same interest he was appointed an under clerk of the kitchen, and accompanied George II. to Holland, when his majesty visited Hanover.

After his return, unmindful of his father's advice, he is said to have too much indulged his passions, and to have spent his nights in riot, and his days in idleness. In consequence of this, and after frequent attempts to reclaim him, the navy was thought of as a probable means of reform, and he was appointed a midshipman.

Pleased at first with his trappings, his sword, cockade, and uniform, things that seldom fail to please thoughtless youth, he first showed himself among his acquaintance, and afterward repaired on board his ship, when commanded. Here his station and accommodations were by no means such as agreed with his habits, or gave him pleasure. He truly thought his genius cramped and forced into a wrong direction. Among his friends was a clerk in the war-office, on whom he prevailed to write a

letter, having the official seal, and directed to him on board the Warspite, which letter pretended to acquaint him that a commission in the army was preparing for him, and he was desired to return to London. By this artifice, he obtained his purpose and quitted the navy.

That he thus early acquired the habits of dissipation was the misfortune of his life: it is a misfortune to which many men of talents, who have devoted themselves to the stage, have been peculiarly subject; it arises, not out of the nature of the profession, but, of the manners and circumstances under which these actors have lived.

Tragedy continued to be the delight of Weston, nor could his friends convince him of his mistake. His stature was small, but Garrick he said [perhaps erroneously] was nearly an inch shorter than himself; and his voice he was convinced had sufficient power. In this persuasion, he first became an actor in a company, well known at that time, which visited every town, village, and hamlet, within twenty miles of the metropolis. The former manager of this company, Oliver Carr, was then dead; but it still bore his name, and Weston enlisted under the widow.

The gains were so small that they did not afford a subsistence; but here he had occasion to perform the part of Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem, by which he threw every one into raptures, except himself. The dignity of tragedy still pervaded his thoughts. Mrs. Carr told him how entirely he had mistaken his powers, and that tragedy afforded him no hope. Weston gave an arch look, made no reply, but thought the more, and maintained his opinion, though the audience had been so struck with him that the very boys followed him, exclaiming—*There! that's he that played Scrub!*

He quitted this company, and engaged in another, where he insisted on performing tragedy; and this he was allowed to do, in consequence of consenting to play comic parts.

The poverty of this company seemed to exceed the first, and Weston felt distresses which, however comic they might afterward appear, were severely felt at the moment. He and a companion were obliged to keep the room, while their linen was washed: the landlady came, as usual,

for money to provide breakfast: they had but a sleeve of a shirt between them: the companion hid himself, Weston jumped into bed, slipped on the sleeve, and, stretching out the arm thus covered, gave the money required. This anecdote he used afterward to tell of himself; and, trivial as they may at first appear, such anecdotes deserve to be remembered, for they mark the manners of ages and nations.

Strange to say, his first appearance in London was at a booth in Bartholomew Fair, kept by the famous comedians Yates and Shuter, where he played nine times a day for a guinea! He afterward obtained an engagement under Foote; but his talents in London were still unknown, and, when the Minor came out, in 1760, the part allotted him in that piece was Dick.

At this period he married, and the abilities of his young wife were so far promising that she performed Lucy, in the same comedy.

They were both afterward engaged at Norwich, on a good salary; but Weston returned, with the season, to the Haymarket. His merits had not remained unnoticed by the piercing eye of Foote, and the part of Jerry Sneak was written expressly for Weston.

This performance at once stamped him a favorite, and he engaged with various companies, and played at Dublin, Chichester, Salisbury, and other places. With Ireland it appears he was not pleased, and promised never to return to that country; and with his wife also he so entirely disagreed that they separated, by mutual consent.

Having obtained an engagement at Drury-lane, though at a small and unworthy salary, he first performed Abel Drugger while Mr. Garrick was abroad, and was so highly applauded that he at length obtained three pounds a week. His wants, or rather, alas, his habits of dissipation, increased with his salary; and the vicissitudes of this part of his life were such as are unworthy to be recorded of a man of such extraordinary talents, which talents were at that time gradually rising into notice.

Foote and Garrick, but especially the former, well understood the worth of Weston, and frequently relieved him from the

distresses into which, by the want of prudence, he was thrown. His temper was generous: when he had money he gave to all who asked, and he was seldom, if ever, without some idle worthless intruder, who encouraged his evil habits, in order to subsist at his expence.

Being in the continual dread of bailiffs, he was frequently obliged to make the theatre his residence. When living in the Haymarket theatre, he was accustomed to shut the half door of the lobby, which had spikes at the top, and to bring a table and chairs, that he might take the air and smoke his pipe.

To this door a bailiff, whose face was unknown to Weston, and who carried clothes under his arm covered with green baize, as if he were a tailor, came and requested to speak with Mr. Foote. Weston unwarily opened the hatch, and the bailiff assumed his true character and exhibited his writ.

Disguising his emotion, Weston desired the bailiff to follow him, that Mr. Foote might either pay the money or give security. The man did as he was desired, and the deceiver was deceived. He had not made a legal capture, by touching Weston, the passage behind the side boxes was very dark, the bailiff was obliged to grope slowly along, Weston knew the way, gained the door, which also had spikes, bolted it, crossed the stage, ran through the adjoining house of Mr. Foote, and escaped. This incident, while it shows his folly, proves his presence of mind.

At the period that his fame was increasing, he went to Edinburgh; where he was considered by the people as the best comedian they had ever seen, and the greatness of his benefit proved the respect in which his abilities were held.

After this, we find his salary at Drury-lane was increased to five pounds a week! a sum, even in those times, totally inadequate to the merit of this unique performer. It was the consequence of the distress which his dissipation produced. The managers, who pretended so liberally to pay his debts, never discharged their own. As far as my documents extend, his talents never received any adequate remuneration.

It happened, on a day when his name was in the play-bills,

that he was arrested for a small sum, for which he requested these generous managers would provide, and which request they very cautiously refused. Being known to the bailiff, Weston prevailed on him and his follower to go with him to the play, and he there placed himself and them in the front of the two shilling gallery.

Before the curtain drew up, an apology was made, stating that Mr. Weston, being ill, could not possibly attend; and it was therefore hoped that another performer might supply his place. Weston rose, as he intended, and declared, aloud, the apology was entirely false: he was there, well, and ready to do his business, but that he was in custody for a small debt, for which, though entreated, the managers had refused to give security. Weston had well foreseen the consequences: the managers were obliged to set him free.

A performer of less abilities would immediately have been expelled the theatre; but for Weston no substitute could be found. After this, his residence was again confined to the theatre. Can it be thought wonderful that, under such circumstances, habits already wrong should become worse; and health, that had never been attended to, should thus be absolutely ruined! Alas! How does genius suffer itself to be seduced and vanquished!

His palate was sickly, his digestion bad, his appetite demanded to be pampered, and habitual indulgence must be daintily fed: to satisfy this, though he could not eat a bird so large as a lark, he would send for a turkey. The first fruits of the season, asparagus, pease, peaches, green geese, whatever he fancied, must be procured.

The scurvy, a disorder that he had long nurtured, now encrusted his face, where it appeared with virulence, while it also fell with excess into his legs. For a time, he consented to abstain from liquor, and use medicine; his face began to be smooth, his appearance to be more healthy, and his legs to heal. But, rendered impatient by confinement, he gave a loose to his inclinations, and by a debauch had nearly died.

His fame being now at its height, his benefits were good, a

part of his debts were paid, and he obtained the power to hire a house and garden, in the street at Chelsea opposite to Battersea-bridge, where it was his intention to regulate his affairs and live a life of sobriety; but for this undertaking he had not sufficient resolution.

So strong was the habit of drinking spirits, in him, that he could not forbear even in the time of performance. The servants of the theatre were forbidden to provide him with liquor, he therefore generally brought it himself.

Coming to the house too late one evening, Mr. Foote met him at the stage door; and, after expressing chagrin, that the audience should be kept waiting, Foote asked what he had under his coat? Ashamed of the vice in which he indulged, Weston replied, a bottle of Seltzer water, which he was ordered to drink. Suspecting the truth, Foote insisted that he would taste; and finding it to be spirits, broke the bottle. Weston's feelings however were so roused, and offended, that neither friendly advice nor entreaty could induce him to dress for his part, till the bottle was replaced.

Driven from Chelsea by his creditors, and again confined to the precincts of the theatre, his health was visibly fast on the decline. Of this he was often reminded, and as often replied either with a joke or an utter contempt of death. During the last season, he played but seldom, nor ever appeared in high spirits, though his mind was not disturbed.

It is in the present morality of the world to offer relief when it is too late: the faculty crowded round him, but the functions of life were destroyed. He glimmered a while, like an expiring taper, till the 18th January, 1776, when he died, universally lamented as an actor, and, by his acquaintance, regretted as a man. Generous and kind, he would willingly share the last shilling with a friend. Too sensible of his worth to exhibit himself, except before the public, he was not entertaining in a large company, though gay and social with a chosen few. His habits induced him to seek associates beneath himself, for so rooted were these habits that they must be indulged. He was in debt, not from the want of principle, but of economy: his little revenues were squandered, not properly expend-

ed. My authority says he was buried in the vault of his kindred, but does not mention where that vault may be found. It is a matter of small moment.

As an actor, I remember him well: to think of a few unrivalled actors and to forget him is impossible. The range of characters that he personated was confined, but not his talents. I have not the smallest doubt that, when he studied tragedy, he, better than his competitors, felt and understood how it ought to be performed: but his corporeal faculties were not fitted to convey the emotions of the soul; they wanted that drilling which he had not the patience to endure, he had else succeeded. The body must be ill paired, indeed, if it do not finally submit to the mind.

Be that as it may, the parts in which Weston excited such uncommon emotion were those of low humor. He was the most irresistible in those of perfect simplicity: his peculiar talent was the pure personification of nature. I do not think it possible for an actor to be less conscious, than Weston appeared to be, that he was acting. While the audience was convulsed with laughter, he was perfectly unmoved: no look, no motion of the body, no absence of mind, ever gave the least intimation that he knew himself to be Thomas Weston. Never for a moment was Thomas Weston present: it was always either Jerry Sneak, Doctor Last, Abel Drugger, Scrub, Sharp, Torrington, or distinctly and individually the character he stood there to perform; and it was performed with such a consistent and peculiar humor, it was so entirely distinct from any thing we call acting, and so perfect a resemblance of the man whom the pencil of the poet had painted, that not only was the laughter excessive, nay sometimes almost painful, but the most critical mind was entirely satisfied. I doubt if Garrick, or any other actor, had so perfect a power of disguising himself, and of assuming a character with so little deviation from the conception he had previously formed. It was not only a perfect whole, but it was also unique.

Presence of mind is a quality peculiar to genius: it constitutes the great wit, the great warrior, the great statesman, and the great poet. He that has it proves that he has the power of

being what he pleases; and nothing but this quality could give Weston his extraordinary talent of self-recollection. On ordinary occasions, his presence of mind seldom forsook him; as the few anecdotes I have related prove. The bon-mots which, during his life, were in circulation concerning him were additional proofs: I recollect but two of them.

Shuter had long been the favorite of the galleries; and Weston, before his comic fame was established, appeared, as a substitute to Shuter, in the part of Sharp. Shuter's name was in the play-bills, and, when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated "Shuter! Shuter!" Mrs. Clive played the part of Kitty Pry, and was no less a favorite than the other. The uproar continued, and nothing could he heard but "Shuter! Shuter!" As soon as it was possible to be heard, Weston, in his own inimitable and humorous manner, asked aloud, in a seemingly stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive—"Shoot her! Shoot her! Why should I shoot her? I am sure she plays her part very well!" The apparent earnestness and simplicity with which he appeared to ask this question were so inimitable, and it so truly applied to the excellent acting of Mrs. Clive, that the burst of laughter was universal, and the applause which Weston deserved attended him through the part.

On another occasion, when, by frequent want of punctuality, the audience were at length indignant, and, among other marks of dissatisfaction, an orange was thrown at him, he picked it up, pretended closely to examine it, walked forward, and with that dry humor which there was no resisting said—"Humph! This is not a *civil* orange."

These were puns, but the wit of them was in the ready application of them, and the strong effect they produced. It was presence of mind.

One afternoon, a few weeks before his death, Weston said to a friend, if you will write for me I will make my Will. The friend complied and Weston dictated, not puns, but strong sense, and keen satire.

I Thomas Weston, Comedian, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my Will, but proceed immediately to the explaining my intentions.

Imprimis. As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life, and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would, in gratitude at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man: the public have fully proved it in the two first, and his good nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last.

Item. I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.

Item. Though I owe no obligations to Mr. Harris, yet his having shown a sincere regard for the performers of his theatre (by assisting them in their necessities, and yet taking no advantage thereof, by driving a Jew bargain at their signing fresh articles) demands from me, as an actor, some acknowledgment; I therefore leave him the entire possession of that satisfaction which must naturally result on reflecting that, during his management, he has never done any thing base or mean to sully his character as an honest man, or a gentleman.

Item. I having played under the management of Mr. Jefferson, at Richmond, and received from him every politeness; I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of.

Item. I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty: 'tis indeed a small legacy, but being a *rarity* to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

Item. I leave Mr. Yates all my spirit.

Item. I leave Mrs. Yates my humility.

Item. Upon reflection, I think it wrong to give separate legacies to a man and his wife; therefore I revoke the above bequests, and leave, to be enjoyed by them jointly, *peace, harmony,* and *good nature.*

Item. Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive Ned Shuter; if I should not, I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to *live:* but that I am afraid would be of little use to him; I therefore leave him my example how to *die.*

Item. I leave Mr. Brereton a small portion of *modesty.* Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Item. As Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly *waiting*

for dead men's shoes, I leave him two or three pair (the worst I have) they being good enough in all conscience for him.

Item. Though the want of vanity be a proof of understanding, yet I would recommend to my old friend, Baddely, to make use of a little of the first, though it cost him more than he would willingly pay for it. It will increase not only his consequence with the public, but his salary with the managers; but, however, should his stomach turn against it as nauseous, he may use for a succedaneum a small quantity of *opinion,* and it will answer the purpose as well.

Item. Mr. Quick has long labored to obtain the applause of the public: the method he has taken is a vague one; the surest method to obtain his end is to copy *Nature.—Experientia docet.*

Item. Miss Younge has had some disputes with the managers, about dressing *her tail,* complaining of the want of fringe: as fringe seems to be an absolute requisite in the ornamenting ladies' tails, and I always loved to see them as they *ought to be,* I leave her therefore the *fringe about* the flaps of my waistcoat, in which I usually played Jerry Sneak.

Item. As I would not forget my friends, particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait, to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life.

Item. Dibble Davis claims something at my hands from the length of our acquaintance; I therefore leave him my constitution: but I am afraid, when I die, it will be scarcely better than his own.

Item. I leave to the ladies, in general, on the stage (if not the reality, yet) the appearance of modesty: 'twill serve them on more occasions than they are aware of.

Item. To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of prudence.

Item. To the authors of the present times, a smattering of humor.

Item. To the public, a grateful heart.

The copy, that I have given of this Will, is taken literally from the pamphlet before mentioned; and cannot be a fabrication, since the pamphlet itself is written in a style, and taste, that are equally incorrect, vulgar, and imbecile: while the style, humor, and satire of Weston are admirable. Yet he was unaccustomed to composition, though he dictated with a degree of correctness and facility that surprise. Considering him as a dying man, making an unusual but sportive effort, it remains a singular and indisputable proof of his genius.

ANECDOTES OF MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON.

During her continuance on the stage, few actresses have been more celebrated than was this lady: she performed in many of the tragedies of Voltaire, and principal parts in many of those that are most celebrated on the French theatre.

Her first appearance was in the year 1743, and in the part of *Phédre*, in the tragedy of that name, by Racine. Mlle. Clairon and Mlle. Dumesnil were rival performers, and, according to the characters left of them, were widely different in manner. Clairon was beautiful in person, dignified in deportment, studious, classical, and correct. Dumesnil, with much less knowledge of her art, appears to have had superior power over the passions.

Exclusive of her theatrical merit, Mlle. Clairon exhibited such courage, assiduity, and perseverance, in early youth, that her efforts deserve to be known: they may excite emulation.

Speaking of herself*, she says—" I was a child of seven months, and thence received from nature a feeble constitution, inimical to the development of my faculties, whether of body or mind. No caresses, no cares, no acts of kindness, supported my childhood; nor did I receive by education the least idea of art, or knowledge. When I was eleven years of age, the only thing I knew was to read; and that only my catechism, and my prayer books. Tales of witches and ghosts,

* *Mémoires d'Hyppolite Clairon; Paris, An VII. de la République.*

which I was taught to believe as true, were my sole amusement. An ignorant, passionate, and superstitious woman * knew no better than to keep me in a corner; or call me to tremble before her, while she distributed menaces and blows.

"My aversion to common drudgery, to which they would have obliged me, was the cause of this treatment; by which that aversion was redoubled. I know not how I attained such thoughts, but I could not support the idea of being no more than a sempstress.

"At the age of eleven, fate at length took pity on me: my mother changed her lodging, and the neighbours, touched by my condition, and pleased with my figure, voice, intelligence, and gentleness, when needles to sew with were forced upon me, so far prevailed that for some time I was suffered to be quiet.

"Whether it was from an angry character, or in order to be rid of me, I was often shut up in a chamber that looked toward the street. Without means of occupying myself, or the possibility of opening the window to look at the passengers, I could however get upon a chair and examine the opposite houses. Mlle. *D'Angeville*† lodged opposite, had her windows open, and received lessons in dancing: all that youth and nature could bestow she possessed. My eyes were fixed; not one of her movements were forgotten; she was surrounded by her family, and the lesson being over, every body applauded, and her mother bestowed her affectionate embraces.

"The difference between her fate and mine penetrated me so profoundly, that tears would not permit me to see more. I came from the chair, and, when my palpitating heart was somewhat appeased, remounted; but the charming vision had disappeared.

"As far as my young faculties would permit I reasoned with myself; and first I resolved not to drop a word concerning what I had beheld, lest I should be punished by never being shut up again. I then attempted to practise all the steps and charming attitudes that I had seen. I was interrupted by being taken

* She no doubt means her mother. † A highly famous actress.

out of my prison, and asked what I had been doing? For the first time in my life I told a lie; and immediately answered—'Nothing, I have been asleep.'

"The first lie emboldened me in the bad practice, and soon brought forth all the little deception of which I was capable; while it led me to disdain my mother, and in a mind more vicious might have led to the worst of misfortunes.

"I was now never pleased but when put in prison, and, happily for me, the ill humor or the business of my mother soon sent me there. In a moment I was at the window: the weather was fine, and I could see the whole chamber of my deity, in the study of whom my whole faculties were employed.

"When she disappeared I practised all I had seen, and my memory and assiduity were so great, that it was supposed masters of the art had been given me: my manner of presenting myself, of saluting, and of sitting down, were no longer the same; my thoughts became more clear, my reason showed itself, and my little graces obtained the suffrages even of my mother.

"My secret, however, was a burden to me, and my desire to know something more of Mlle. *D'Angeville* extreme. I ventured to question a person who came to our house, and from him I learned in general what the meaning of a play and playhouse was, and that Mlle. *D'Angeville* belonged to the French theatre. He further promised to take me there, which promise he kept; but not without difficulty, for a playhouse and eternal damnation my mother thought to be the same.

"The pieces that I was taken to see were *Le Comte D'Essex* and *Les Follies amoureuses*. It is impossible for me now to paint all I then felt. I only know that, during the performance and the rest of the evening, I could neither speak nor eat. Concentrated within myself, I had neither eyes nor ears for any thing beside. 'Go to bed, you great fool,' were the only words I heard, and these I instantly obeyed.

"Instead, however, of thinking of sleep, I was wholly employed in the recollection and repetition of what I had seen and heard; and the next day people were amazed to hear me repeat

above a hundred lines of the tragedy and two thirds of the afterpiece.

"This prodigious memory still less surprised them than my imitation of the different actors. I spoke in the throat, like *Grandval;* I minced my words and aped the gestures of Crispin, like *Poisson;* and I made every possible effort to imitate the ease and finesse of Mlle. *D'Angeville*, and the cold and stiff manner of Mlle. *Balécourt:* in fact I was thought a prodigy.

"My mother however, knitting her brow, said, that she should be much better pleased had I known how to make a gown, or a shirt, than with all these fooleries; and this put me out of patience. I saw myself as it were supported, and I had the audacity to tell her I would never learn any thing of the kind, and that I would be an actress. Bad words and blows obliged me to be silent, and all the spectators could do was to prevent me from being half murdered.

"This being over, I was told that I should be suffered to perish with hunger, and should have all my bones broken, if I did not work. Traits of character are seldom forgotten: I had the pride to restrain my tears, and to answer with as much firmness as my age would permit—'Kill me then immediately, for if you do not I will be an actress.'

"During two months the most cruel treatment could not induce me to change my resolution, but my sufferings were great. My mother was guided by the narrow prejudices of her education, for at the bottom her heart was good. She was the more affected at seeing me, because I made no complaint; and she related her cause of grief to a good well-informed and feeling woman, for whom she worked. The detail of this consultation I never knew; but it gave occasion to a mark of tenderness such as I had never before experienced. My mother, when she returned, took me in her arms, bathed me in her tears, and promised to consent to whatever I pleased, if I would but love her, forget the past, and endeavour to recover my health."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW PIECES

FIRST PERFORMED IN JUNE AND JULY, 1805.

THE PARTNERS.

ON the 29th of June, a Comedy, called The Partners, appeared, for the first and only time, at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket: it was written by Mr. Prince Hoare, a gentleman to whom the town is indebted for several pleasant pieces.

The Partners, with respect to moral effect and plan, was well conceived: the author avows his intention was to exhibit the moral consequences of different tempers. For this reason the two partners were contrasted: one as a man of an open liberal heart, tinctured with levity; the other of a reserved, suspicious, and haughty humor, though of great feeling. But Mr. Hoare did not take sufficient time to digest and form the materials into a consistent whole.

To say more of this comedy might be wrong; for it contains scenes, and materials, which, if selected and combined with others to which they may properly give birth, may hereafter afford great pleasure to the public.

As it was, the piece had not a fair trial; for, though it be the duty of an audience to decidedly pass sentence against demerit, yet, it is no less a duty calmly to hear. Different passages, or different scenes of a play, may deserve reproof, which, as it ought to be distinctly known, should be immediately given; but it is afterward equally decorous and just to listen to what is to come. Neither ought censure to be bestowed in a manner which marks illiberal violence: the spectator, who is so much as allowed to hope for purity of writing, ought himself to show a purity and propriety of manners; or he certainly proves himself a person very unequal to the high office, which he presumes to exercise.

Sober and determined disapprobation would leave no doubt of his mistakes, on the mind of an author; while clamor and uproar give him every reason to suspect them to be the offspring of malicious boys, envious rivals, or personal enemies.

The opposition to The Partners appeared so soon, showed itself so determined, and was at first so entirely confined to two or three places, that such suspicions were naturally entertained, by the author and his friends.

The comedy deserved condemnation; or rather, could an audience express an opinion accurately, it ought to have been sent back to have been maturely reconsidered, and rewritten, by the author: but no piece, which does not offend public decency, ought to be treated with the harsh opprobrium of utter contempt: much less a piece that contained some excellent scenes. To be able to write a comedy that may be thought deserving of being submitted to the public is no easy task: neither is it performed without labor, anxiety, and expence of time. Is it not enough that the hopes of an author should be suddenly destroyed without adding cruelty to destruction?

THE VILLAGE; OR, THE WORLD'S EPITOME.

THIS Piece was first represented on the 18th of July: it is a Comedy, in three Acts, chiefly a translation from the French, but with that freedom which the author supposed to be necessary for the English stage, and is the production of Mr. Cherry, the author of the Soldier's Daughter. In French the title of the piece is *La petite Ville*, and it is in four acts. The author, M. Picard, is one of the most successful of the French writers now living.

The difference of manners and habits between the French and the English are so great, that it rarely happens for a piece to be written, the plan of which will be successful with both. The French people are satisfied to have their emotions gently excited; they require no great intricacy of plot: and a comedy, composed of episodes strung together with no great art, if those episodes have but a degree of pleasantry in them, is sufficient to ensure success. Those who are well acquainted with French theatrical productions must have remarked this fact.

The comedy now under consideration is of that kind: the

intention of the author, M. Picard, was to exhibit the manners of a small country town, and to show that the same follies and passions prevail there as in the metropolis, and, being more confined, by their more evident selfishness excite greater disgust.

To effect this purpose, the author thought himself obliged to introduce the principal families of the place, each family having its distinct manners and views; by which means, instead of having an individual reigning interest, there are almost as many plots as persons.

An English audience demand to have their emotions more strongly excited: their laughter and their applause are louder; and, though their disapprobation may not be more severe, it is often more boisterous. Englishmen, however, who have frequented the theatres of Paris, have seen evident proofs that the French audience would be the most dangerous, for their passions when excited are most in a hurry, did not those gentlemen soldiers, who carefully surround the theatre in sufficient numbers, enter, with their fixed bayonets, whenever there is the least appearance of riot.

There are however many charming pieces in the French language yet unknown to the English stage. They, many of them, would not succeed, though even well translated; but they might afford excellent materials to a master hand.

Mr. Cherry has been unfortunate in the selection of a piece, since it has those defects which the English are least inclined to tolerate. In addition to the want of a general interest, it has the hackneyed incident of a young man making love to an old maid, and she a still more extravagant and foolish person of this species than was perhaps ever before exhibited. Authors ought to be well aware that things which are true in nature are false on the stage; that is, they are supposed by an audience to be false. The extravagance in the original is extreme, and this was unfortunately rather increased than diminished in the translation.

It would be unnecessary to detail the defects of the other characters, all which were transcripts from the French, except

a blacksmith, which character was introduced by Mr. Cherry, and with very considerable success. But he was guilty of a mistake, in this and other characters, of indulging in expressions and metaphors approaching to rudeness and vulgarity, which was the less to be expected from his having been much more careful in avoiding them in his very successful comedy of the Soldier's Daughter.

The audience were thoroughly, and almost unanimously, displeased with the piece; but their displeasure was communicated in a rational and proper manner. The first appearance of this displeasure, with violence, was in the second act, and chiefly at the place where the lover, personated by Mr. Elliston, was kneeling to the old maid, performed by Mrs. Powell. Mr. Elliston, with great presence of mind, waited, without rising, till a momentary pause; and then, owning the obedience due to the decision of the public, requested only to be heard peaceably, and that decision should be received with respect.

There was so much justice in the request, and candor in Mr. Elliston's manner of making it, that the audience behaved with the utmost propriety through the piece: they expressed disapprobation when they thought it due, but afterward listened; and, when Mr. Elliston stepped forward to give it out again, they sternly and almost unanimously condemned it: they would not suffer him to be heard.

The piece had been hastily prepared, and in a few places, though not many, it was discernible that the performers were imperfect.

The characters were—The Hero of the piece, a fashionable London Youth, by Mr. Elliston: his friend, and travelling companion, by Mr. De Camp: a litigious Attorney, by Mr. Dowton: a Sportsman of the village, by Mr. Palmer: the Blacksmith, by Mr. Mathews: a coquettish young Widow, by Mrs. Mara: another Widow, by Mrs. Marlow: her marriageable Daughter, by Mrs. Gibbs: the old Maid, by Mrs. Powell: the young Lady, who follows the Hero of the piece from town, they being mutually in love, by Mrs. Mathews: and her female Attendant, Mrs. Taylor.

In general these performers filled their parts with propriety; opportunities were not afforded for any great exertion of talent.

The above account was written on the morning after the appearance of the piece, which, from its reception, it was presumed would not have been performed again. It was however played the following evening, some offensive passages were omitted, the author's friends anxiously assembled, opposition was in part stifled, but, as it could not be overcome, and became strong before and at the conclusion, the different parties seemed held in suspense. For the following account the editor is indebted to a correspondent, not being himself present, on the second night.

"After considerable clamor, in which the applauders appeared to predominate over the few but determined hissers, Mr. Elliston came forward, his countenance seemingly ruffled by some recent cause. He began to apologize to the audience for the confused manner in which he presented himself before them, owing, he said, to an altercation, of a very disagreeable nature, which took place behind the scenes just before he came on: he then addressed the audience nearly to the following purport:

'In my duty toward the public, I flatter myself, from the frequent marks of their favor, that I am not wholly undeserving of their patronage and attention. In my zeal to serve authors, I have often persevered, and even, in some cases, overstepped the bounds of propriety. But, by my soul (*with a strong emphasis*) I cannot, nor will not, conceal my sentiments for any being on earth. Contrary to my opinion, this piece was got up for representation; I however performed my part with all possible zeal, and earnestly did my best. From a feeling for the author, I was induced last night to appeal to your kindness for a patient hearing, and you were good enough to grant it to me. The piece has now had a second trial, and it must be evident, from its reception, that it cannot, nor ought not, to be given out again.' He then retired."

By the friends of Mr. Cherry, Mr. Elliston has been blamed: they say the piece ought to have been given out for a third performance. Either they were not present on the first night,

or, they strangely forget the predicament in which Mr. Elliston stood.

When the violence was extreme, on the first night, Mr. Elliston, as above stated, pledged himself that the performers would obey the decision of the audience, and only requested that the piece might be fairly heard. The audience accepted this rational proposal, expressing their occasional dislike moderately; but, at the conclusion, the decision was general and unequivocal. Mr. Elliston retired, when the audience would not permit him to give it out for a second performance, and peace was restored. The epilogue was not attempted to be spoken.

Surely it was ill judged, of the friends and advisers of Mr. Cherry, to endeavor to violate this agreement? And it is no less sure that, by such violation, the public are made more and often unjustly indignant. They recollect and they revenge, on some future author, who lies at their mercy.

The conduct of Mr. Elliston appears to have been manly, and proper. No one has a deeper sense, than the writer of this article, of what the loss is to a man of letters, who has bestowed his time and labour on dramatic composition, and who has conceived high hopes of, has placed serious dependance on, and has received great applauses by, his dramatic exertions. No man would more sincerely condole with disappointment: but, when disappointment comes, its only counterpoise is submissive equanimity.

In addition to the above, the following has appeared; and fully justifies all that has been said: the latter part is also honorable to Mr. Cherry, if the avowal there made be his; for it is the fact. Had it not been for the conduct of Mr. Elliston, the comedy would never have been heard through, on the first night. When they begin to condemn, English critics are frequently too hasty in their endeavours to accomplish their perhaps too hastily conceived purpose.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR, Haymarket Theatre, Saturday, July 20.

Some extraordinary misrepresentations having appeared with respect to an occurrence at this theatre, last night, in which I happened to be a

party, I owe it in justice to myself to request that the facts may be correctly stated.

It is true that a momentary altercation did arise between Mr. Mathews and myself, immediately after the dropping of the curtain last night, which was attended with some warmth on both sides; but it is not true, as it has been asserted, that I was "knocked down twice," nor indeed that I was knocked down at all; nor is it true that I was placed in any situation humiliating to my feelings as a man, nor in the slightest degree, I trust, derogatory to my character as a gentleman. Without using any idle professions as to my own means of self-defence, I may be pardoned when I say that those who know me best must be sensible that I am not likely to be seen in any such state of degradation.

Neither is it true that this disagreement grew out of any assertion made by me that Mr. Mathews, or that any gentleman of this theatre, had done less than his duty in supporting the piece which had not met with the public approbation. What the circumstances were, it would be useless, and perhaps impertinent, in me to obtrude on the public attention. It is enough to say that Mr. Mathews and myself have every likelihood of being good friends; and that, were we not so, it would be difficult to find any man more ready than myself to subscribe to the professional excellence of Mr. Mathews, and to acknowledge the fidelity and zeal with which he at all times exerts his talents for the benefit of the theatre, and for the amusement of the public.

It has been also alleged, that I was officious on this occasion in addressing the audience. Those who blame me for addresssing the audience, cannot be aware that, in so doing, I am only discharging one of the duties I owe to the theatre. It is obvious that, on many occasions, in point of respect, an audience must be addressed. That office, in this theatre, happens just now to fall on me. In the present instance, I had to execute my duty under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and embarrassment. I stated hastily, but ingenuously, that an occurrence within the theatre had put me under considerable agitation; and I felt anxious at once to convey to the audience that I had not withheld any feeble assistance which it had been possible for me to have lent to the author; and, on the other hand, that I had not at all wished to be accessary to forcing the piece improperly on the public.—At such a moment, and under such circumstances, no liberal mind would expect minute exactness.

I am sorry to have trespassed so long on your attention. It must be plain, however, that my welfare and happiness depend, in a great measure, on public estimation; and I hope it will not seem surprising that I should be anxious to show that I have not only aimed at obtaining public favour, but that I have struggled hard to deserve it.

I am, respectfully, Sir, your most obedient servant,

R. W. ELLISTON.

21st July, 1805.

Having been by-standers during the accidental difference which occurred between Mr. Elliston and Mr. Mathews, at the Haymarket theatre, on Friday night last, we feel it incumbent on us to declare, that the statement of Mr. Elliston having been knocked down on that occasion is totally void of foundation; and that no circumstances took place which were in any respect dishonourable to that gentleman, or, indeed, to either party.

It is also our duty to declare, that the author of the comedy of "The Village" is under considerable obligation to Mr. Elliston for the interest taken by him in the success of that piece; and that, without his exertions, we believe the comedy would not have been brought fully before the public.

ROBERT PALMER.
CHARLES TAYLOR.
JOHN PALMER.
W. T. P. HATTON.
F. G. WALDRON, prompter.

THE ART OF ACTING.

(*Continued from Vol.* II. *No.* VII. *p.* 46.)

CHAP. VI.

THE difficulty and the labor that continually present themselves, to the author who attempts to write a treatise for students of the art of acting, have generally been sufficient to deter him, before he has half performed his task. Conciseness in giving rules, is always to be desired; but, so multifarious, so voluminous, is this art, that, it will not admit of brevity.

Perhaps, no better service can be rendered, to the dramatic art in general, than a complete examination of the manner in which the best plays, and the best characters in those plays, ought to be represented. This attempt shall be made on the tragedy of Hamlet; but I feel regret, that I cannot foresee the length to which such an examination may extend.

In this tragedy, supernatural agency predominates, so much, that a full sense and comprehension of it ought to be impressed upon the mind of even the least performer, who has but the least part, in any of those scenes where the ghost appears, or furnishes the subject of discourse.

The *place* of the first scene in the play is where this ghost has already appeared: the time is midnight: the centinels have

every apprehension that it will appear again. The common stage practice, so far from expressing that awe which time and circumstance suppose, is for two careless actors to deliver their short dialogue in the very manner that they would, were it noon day, and were they under no alarm.

This method is more false, and more offensive, than words can describe. No surcharged and buffoon gesticulations, such as may make a gallery laugh, should be adopted; yet not a step should be taken, a word spoken, or a look given, that should not thoroughly depict an awful sense of an alarmed mind. Except Macbeth, I do not remember any dramatic performance in which the grand subject of the play is so finely opened, or so deeply impressed, as in Hamlet.

By the manner in which I have always seen it performed, this fine impression is totally destroyed. The general manner of these centinels is so absurd that it cannot be mentioned, but, with contempt. They appear like men who care not a fig for a ghost at midnight, but who would run away from a mouse at noon day.

Every question that is put, concerning this ghost, should be a question of alarm: the stage should not be traversed, but with great apprehension: the head and eye should turn continually, but with fear, to look round: and the person walking should occasionally stop: but this should all be done with a seriousness, and solemnity of deportment, such as must impress upon the spectators a perfect idea of men whose minds are seriously agitated.

When Horatio and Marcellus enter, the same demeanor should continue; with this shade of difference, that the arrival of companions relieves them somewhat of their fears. Still their discourse should be most solemn and apprehensive. When Bernardo is speaking, and Marcellus cries

> Peace! Break thee off! Look where it comes again!

the terror should be little less, though not of so imposing and dignified a nature, as that which is expressed by Hamlet, in a future scene. After the ghost has disappeared, every line of the same scene should preserve a serious and solemn tone.

The next scene discovers the court: the king and queen are seated in state, and Hamlet is present. It is not enough that actors should remember their individual parts, but they should understand, first, the intention of the whole play, and next, the intention of each scene in the play; but especially of each of those scenes in which they are concerned.

The intention of the second scene, in Hamlet, is indeed finely disclosed: it is that of giving a full impression of the state of mind into which Hamlet is thrown, by the folly of his mother, and the vice of his uncle.

Not only the speeches of Hamlet, but those of his mother, and of the king, are written to give a finished sketch of their various feelings. The king is specious, pompous, and, toward Hamlet, affects to be paternal: but he looks on him with a jealous eye, and this his eye should most particularly denote. He tries how far gentle reproof may be good, still watching its effect; and, when Hamlet preserves a stern silence, and only gives a short and reserved answer to his mother, the king assumes the courtier, and pretends that the "gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet sits smiling at his heart."

If the king, that is the actor, do not feel the hypocrisy of his conduct, he little understands what he has to perform; and of this hypocrisy few of the kings in Hamlet have the most distant conception: at least they do not appear to have, which to the audience is exactly the same.

The situation of the queen in this scene is different, but no less embarrassing. Conscious of the wrong she has done her late husband by so quickly marrying his brother, fearing to meet the eye of her afflicted son, the cause of whose affliction she can but too truly guess, yet desirous alike to please her new husband and preserve her state, as a queen and a mother, an actress ought well to understand these different sensibilities, and convey them decidedly.

Her part should not be that of sitting, or of standing still, till it is her turn to speak; but the watchfulness of her eye, the sense in which she understands all that is spoken, which her demeanor should denote, and her anxiety, especially when

Hamlet is addressed by the king, should concur to show the state of her mind. Her first speech—

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, &c.

should be spoken with affection, yet with a consciousness that she had done amiss, and a struggle not to sink from her stately deportment, being under the eye of her husband.

The actresses who have any remembrance of having sons, or of being mothers, in plays, are very few indeed! their usual knowledge extends to the having a part of such and such a length to perform, before they can go home and indulge themselves in a good supper.

And now the difficulty begins: the manner in which the representative of Hamlet ought to conceive and perform his part.

Of the general conception of this character I have spoken, perhaps as well as I am able, in the last chapter; and the performance must now be treated of in detail.

Deep grief has taken possession of the mind of Hamlet: every object that he beholds, and particularly the court and state of his uncle, do but remind him of the father, whom he deplores, and the mother, whom he is fatally obliged to despise. He stands lost in reverie: he does not hear nor utter a word, till he is roused from his trance by the king, who addressing him says:

But, now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

The reply of Hamlet is a sarcasm: but it should be delivered with a solemnity, of eye and deportment, that should render it impossible so to be understood. This answer, though it consist but of one line, yet should immediately open to the audience the determined character of Hamlet, his profound sorrow, and his aversion to his father-in-law. The next line he speaks gives force to this coloring.

To the appeal of his mother, that death is common to all who live, he replies:

Ay, Madam, it is common.

If it be,

Why seems it so *particular* with *thee?*

Seems, Madam! Nay, it *is*; I know not *seems*.

'Tis not alone my *inky cloak*, good mother,

Nor *customary* suits of *solemn* black,
Nor *windy* suspiration of *forced* breath,
No, nor the fruitful *river* in the *eye*,
Nor the *dejected 'haviour* of the *visage*,
Together with all *forms*, *modes*, *shows* of grief,
That can denote me *truly*. *These*, indeed, *seem*,
For they are *actions* that a man might *play*:
But I have that *within*, which *passeth show*;
These, but the *trappings* and the *suits* of *woe*.

I have put the words, which require to be delivered with a fulness of meaning, and a particularly clear articulation, in italics: but this means, though it may aid a Tyro, is wholly insufficient to convey the dignity of the grief of Hamlet. Italics can only be used as a feeble aid; the actor must impress upon his mind a deep conception, as I have before said, of the intention of the scene, and also of the feelings which such a man so situated must possess. How deep those feelings are the following soliloquy sufficiently testifies. It is here printed with such aid as *italics* can give, and, with additional notes of admiration, to show where the passion swells beyond control, but every word must be articulate, and in one sense emphatical. Some lines are omitted, in representation. I have likewise added marginal notes, with a hope to assist the young student. He who could deliver the speeches of Hamlet with all the force, all the shades, all the various turns of passion, with which they are written, would be but little inferior to Shakspeare himself! His mind must be as rich as his heart must be excellent!

The king and court depart: Hamlet regards them with bitter dissatisfaction, then solemnly raises his eye upward: never, through this or any soliloquy, must it turn toward the audience. This rule is absolute, in every case, and every play. *An actor should never let it be perceived that he has any the least knowledge of an audience being present.*

Deep but articulate grief. — *Ham.* Oh, that this too *too* solid flesh would *melt*,
Thaw, and *resolve* itself into a *dew!*

Solemn alarm. — *Or* that the *Everlasting* had not fix'd

Dissatisfaction, but dignified. — His *cannon* against *self-slaughter!* O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Abhorrence. — *Fie* on't! O *fie!!* 'tis an *unweeded* garden,

Contempt. That *grows* to *seed;* things *rank*, and *gross* in nature,

Painful recollection. Possess it *merely.* *That* it should *come* to *this!*

Amazement. But *two months dead!*—*Nay*, not so *much*, *not two:*

Admiration with deep grief. So *excellent* a *king;* that *was* to *this*,

Contempt. *Hyperion* to a *satyr:* so *loving* to my *mother*,

Tender affection. That he *might* not *let* e'en the *winds* of *heaven*

Indignation. *Visit* her *face too roughly! Heaven and earth!!*

Pain. Scorn. *Must* I remember??? *Why* she would *hang* on him,

Amazement. As if *increase* of *appetite* had *grown*
By *what* it *fed* on! And *yet* within a *month*—!!

Extreme grief and pain. *Let* me not *think* on't:——*Frailty*, thy *name* is *woman!*—
A *little month;* or ere *those shoes* were *old*,
With which she *follow'd* my *poor* father's body,
Like Niobe, *all tears!*—why *she!* even *she*—!!!

Extreme but noble scorn. O Heaven!!! A *beast*, that *wants* discourse of *reason*,
Would have *mourn'd longer!!*—*marry'd* with my *uncle*,

Contempt. My *father's brother;* but no more *like* my father,
Than *I* to *Hercules:* within a *month;*
Ere yet the *salt* of most *unrighteous tears*

Astonishment. Had *left* the *flushing* in her *galled* eyes,

Sanctified horror. She *marry'd!!!*—*O most wicked speed*, to post
With *such dexterity* to *incestuous* sheets!!

Pent-up profound grief. It *is* not, nor it *cannot come* to *good:*
But *break* my *heart;* for *I* must *hold* my *tongue!*

(To be continued.)

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

ON some occasion, the late Mr. Sheridan, the actor, was wantonly insulted on the stage, at Dublin, to which he replied with spirit and propriety. A ringleader was so exasperated, by the reply, that he rushed behind the scenes, uttered the abuse which passion suggested, and received the chastisement which he deserved. Mr. Sheridan was indicted for an assault. No one in Dublin supposed that a player would find support, not even in a court of justice, against a gentleman. This was a mistake: Lord Chief Justice Marlay worthily presided, and would not suffer packed juries to be impanelled. Mr. Kelly was the plaintiff, and his abusive and provoking language being

proved, the jury acquitted Mr. Sheridan, without leaving their box.

During the trial, he was called on the table, to answer questions, by an eminent though not a well-bred counsellor, in behalf of the plaintiff. "I want," said the lawyer, "to see a curiosity. I have often seen a gentleman soldier, and a gentleman tailor, but never yet a gentleman player." Without the least embarrassment, Mr. Sheridan modestly bowed and replied, "I hope, Sir, you see one now." A loud murmur of applause ran through the court, and the counsellor, impudent as he was, slunk to his seat and never asked another question.

The behaviour of Mr. Sheridan afterward is still more to his honor. This Mr. Kelly had foolishly imagined his gentility would be supported, and subscriptions raised to pay the fine of five hundred pounds, in which he was cast, for his conduct in the riot. He was wholly deserted, lay some time in confinement, and at last knew no better means than to solicit Mr. Sheridan, who immediately petitioned government to relinquish the fine, and became himself solicitor and bail, to the court of king's bench, for the enlargement of the gentleman, Mr. Kelly *.

In Paris, the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night, with only a *fille de chambre*, and to sit there. A young officer sat next her, was very free in his addresses, and, when the play was over, concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and heard her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into his carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring; when she called out, "Where is the supper you promised?" He bowed and replied, "In Paradise, we are all equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you, Madam, on earth." This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Duchess's carriage, and at her table †.

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* *Miscellanea Nova:* Whyte, Dublin, 1801.

† For this anecdote the Editor is indebted and returns thanks to a courteous correspondent.

MISCELLANIES.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MUCH to the satisfaction, as it is said, of all parties, Mr. Graham again superintends the transactions at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane; and Mr. Wroughton continues to be sub-manager.

Mr. Braham and Signora Storace are engaged at this theatre, where there never was a greater want of excellent singers; not meaning in the least by this to speak degradingly of the abilities of the other singers at that theatre.

Mlle. Parisot is engaged as principal female dancer at Drury-lane.

Of an entertainment, to be entitled *The Forty Thieves*, much has already been said, for it has been long in preparation. We are told that the scenery and decorations have cost six thousand pounds. What is the sum it must bring to the treasury, before it has cleared itself? Will it ever clear itself? How much will it afterward bring? Can it bring the sums which have been, and surely will again be, brought by the legitimate poet, and his offspring: by the Duenna, the School for Scandal, Speed the Plough, John Bull, and various others not yet forgotten? What legitimate poet ever received the vast sum of six thousand pounds for a single production? Managers of course excepted, who has ever received *one thousand!*

Mr. Suett, the comedian, has retired from the stage of life, and has left a vacancy for theatrical candidates in parts of low humor. He died July 6, aged 51, and was buried at St. Paul's, Covent-garden.

Master Betty, as we are informed, has not been so successful this summer, at Liverpool, as he was the last; though the season generally has been good.

Miss Duncan has made her summer excursion to Margate, at which place she was last year engaged to appear at Drury-lane, and where she was, and continues to be, a supreme favorite.

A Miss Smith is said to be engaged for the Theatre Royal, Covent-garden, at a very high salary, as an actress of uncommon promise. If her desert equal her reputation, she will be a treasure to a London audience.

It is surely a proof of the utility and moral tendency of the drama, that it is the delight of their majesties and the whole royal family, who have ever been remarked as the guardians of morals and manners. The theatre at Weymouth, under the management of Mr. Hughs, is frequently honored by their presence.

The famous German poet, Schiller, many of whose dramas the English are acquainted with by translation, died some time ago. The Muses truly mourn! A head of this great poet, and some account of him, will appear in The Theatrical Recorder as soon as proper materials can be procured.

The German theatre in Leicester-square continues open, with success: more children have been sent for to Germany. We shall be *childish enough*, in time. An English boy, but of German parentage, has performed at that theatre: through his timidity it might be seen that he had talents; but, while they are so entirely in embrio, he ought not to have been brought on a public London stage. Young Frederic Schirmer continues to promise no little future merit; but at present his buffoonery is so mixed with as to degrade ability.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, performers whom managers ought to prize, are to return to the theatre at Covent-garden.

Mr. Henry Siddons, the son of a wonderful mother, and his wife, an amiable and promising actress, go to the other theatre.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To gentle Kate thanks can only be returned, for her kind partiality and her welcome aid.

To Henry Goodman, if such a man have being, the request is made, that he would candidly turn to the proposals; where he will find that no promise is made, to give the likeness of this or of that performer, but the likeness of their dresses, *if he will permit the joke. Yet it may be truly said that the likeness of person is, sometimes, better hit off than it used to be in former instances, where the purpose was to give likenesses of actors, in this or in that part; but, as no such pretensions are made, surely no blame can be incurred. Miss De Camp is an excellent actress, and it was her atti-*

tude and dress that were taken: but, in her case, there was not in the print the least resemblance to her countenance. In the inscription under the figure, it would have been more explicit, instead of writing, "Miss De Camp, singing," which accounted for the attitude of the figure, to have said, "The dress of Miss De Camp:" but as a dress cannot sing, the other mode was chosen. We should have been sent to the land of bulls had we said "The dress *of Miss De Camp* singing."

*** *We are heartily sorry that the intelligence from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Worcester, and Gloucester, from a very valuable correspondent, came too late for this number.*

☞ The Editor solemnly assures his Subscribers that the head of Goldoni, *as promised,* was printed and ready last month; but omitted by a strange mistake.

MONTHLY LIST, FOR JUNE AND JULY, 1805.

HAYMARKET.

JUNE.

29. The Partners - - - - - - - - - - Fortune's Frolic.
30. The Iron Chest - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Wiggins.

JULY

1. Guilty or Not Guilty? - - - - - Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
2. The Surrender of Calais - - - - The Review.
3. Speed the Plough - - - - - - - The Children in the Wood.
4. The Battle of Hexham - - - - - The Follies of a Day.
5. The Chapter of Accidents - - - The Gay Deceivers.
6. The Iron Chest - - - - - - - - - The Village Lawyer.
8. Speed the Plough - - - - - - - The Hunter of the Alps.
9. The School for Prejudice - - - - The Children in the Wood.
10. The Dramatist - - - - - - - - - The Poor Soldier.
11. The Battle of Hexham - - - - - Mrs. Wiggins, and The Follies of a Day.
12. John Bull - - - - - - - - - - - The Gay Deceivers.
13. The Surrender of Calais - - - - Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
15. Speed the Plough - - - - - - - The Agreeable Surprise.
16. The School for Prejudice - - - - The Gay Deceivers.
17. The Iron Chest - - - - - - - - - The Prisoner at Large.
18. The Village; or, the World's Epitome - - - - - - - - - - - The Jew and the Doctor, and The Follies of a Day.
19. Ditto - - - - - - - - - - - - - Mrs. Wiggins, and The Hunter of the Alps.
20. The Dramatist - - - - - - - - - Peeping Tom.
22. Speed the Plough - - - - - - - The Village Lawyer.
23. John Bull - - - - - - - - - - - The Children in the Wood.
24. Ways and Means - - - - - - - - Blue Devils, and Tom Thumb.
25. The Mountaineers - - - - - - - Ditto.
26. The Battle of Hexham (by particular Desire) - - - - - - - - - Love Laughs at Locksmiths.
27. The Surrender of Calais - - - - Tom Thumb.